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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. **A**S was to be expected, home political news on Christmas Eve was exceedingly flat. There were still grumblings and growlings over Sir EDWARD REED at Cardiff; some documents, but none of importance, were added to the singular Walsall business, and it was announced that Mr. WALTER LONG would be the Tory candidate at Liverpool in the place of Mr. CROSS. It is scarcely surprising that Mr. LONG should have shaken the dust of East Wilts finally off his feet after that county justified its reputation for "moonraking" by submitting to the deception of the most barefaced lie that even an election ever saw; but plenty of other candidates could have been got for Liverpool, and for East Wilts it may not be so easy.

On Christmas Eve Mr. BURT, M.P., was banqueted and complimentarily addressed at Newcastle. Mr. BURT is more than a little too good for the breed to which he belongs—the breed of class agitators, who are equally detestable whether the class consist of dukes or dockers—and we need not grudge him his honours, such as they are.

Ireland once more absorbed interest in the first half of the present week; and Thursday's newspapers were chiefly occupied as regards home politics with Mr. GLADSTONE's birthday and with Detective SYNNOTT's funeral.

Yesterday morning were published the names of a Royal Commission on Old-Age Pensions, which includes the PRINCE OF WALES and divers well-known persons. The omission to represent the Church, to which exception has been taken, may perhaps be assigned to a wish to avoid difficulties with Nonconformist bodies.

On the previous day Sir EDWARD WATKIN, at a meeting of Channel Tunnel adventurers, had observed that their scheme was opposed by "what was called 'Society' which he preferred to call 'the cesspool of 'Society.'" From which it would appear that the air of Snowden and the communications of Mr. GLADSTONE have not exercised purifying influences on Sir EDWARD's manners and language.

Ireland. The President of the Eviction Commission gave yesterday week a curious illustration of those qualifications which his panegyrists have discovered. While fully and handsomely acquitting a

body of landlords, or a landlord-body, the Scottish Provident Association, of the charges of ill-treating their tenantry, he observed that a painful impression had been created in his mind by a pamphlet on the subject. An English judge allow his mind to be painfully impressed beforehand by an *ex parte* pamphlet!

On Christmas Eve Mr. MORLEY paid his first serious tribute to his Masters, by letting loose some of the murderers (or, to be strictly accurate and please Gladstonians, let us say the "felonious killers and slayers") of Inspector MARTIN. It is quite possible that a more disgraceful act has been committed by an Irish Chief Secretary; but we do not remember it.

A fearful comment on the folly as well as the criminality of Mr. MORLEY's conduct was promptly given. Within a few hours a dynamite bomb was exploded in front of the Detective Office in Dublin, and though not much harm was done to the building, an unfortunate detective who was passing was blown nearly to pieces, and died in torture shortly afterwards. The murderers had taken the CHIEF SECRETARY at his word, and put at once into practice his theory that killing a policeman is no murder. On the other hand, Mr. MORLEY had just, in a feeble and tentative way, made a bid for the support of the extreme physical force party, and they promptly replied "Not enough." No one of course, save an idiot, will affirm that this particular effect was actually due to either or both of these causes. But nobody save an idiot (or a political apologist at his wit's end) will deny that either cause is sufficient to produce the effect, and that the provision of it ought therefore to have been avoided by sane statesmen at any cost.

On Monday an open verdict was returned in regard to the unfortunate victim by the Coroner's jury, and the organs of Home Rule in England and Ireland vied in noisy affectations of horror, and clumsy assumptions that of course no one would think it was their fault. Much talk and some inquiry have naturally taken place since, but nothing positive had up to the middle of the week been discovered. A man was arrested on suspicion at Nenagh, but promptly liberated. Meanwhile, the usual mournful irony of such things has not been wanting. The Irish Gladstonians have plaintively pointed out (following an immortal apology of their great leader, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, for the Manchester murderers) that, if poor SYNNOTT had not been so

singularly ill advised as to walk just that way at just that moment, no harm would have been done. And the English Gladstonians have blushinglly hinted that "the right of holding a private magisterial inquiry" does not at the present moment exist in Ireland," and that, if it were revived in Dublin under the first Clause of the Coercion Act, "no objection would be offered." And it is but a few weeks since the very persons who say this were shouting and roaring and throwing up caps over the "repeal" of the Coercion Act, the death of Coercion, and so forth. What a piece of work is Gladstonian man to be sure!

The member (till Parliament meets) for North Meath (still smarting under his defeat, and perhaps annoyed at the intemperate zeal of his humble colleagues in Exchange Court) wrote a furious and foolish letter to the *Times* of Thursday on the subject of the Dublin explosion, trying to drag in the old BERNARD business of five and thirty years ago. We are not particularly proud of the attitude of a good many Englishmen then; but, even if there had been any parallel in other ways, jealousy of the right of asylum is not quite the same thing as sympathy with crime.

Election Petitions. The re-count at Cirencester reduced Colonel CHESTER-MASTER'S majority from three to two, but left it serviceable; so that the regular trial of the petition will still have to come off in January. In North Meath Mr. Justice ANDREWS and Mr. Justice JOHNSON unseated Mr. DAVITT on the foregone conclusion of clerical intimidation, making also some strong observations on the employment of the secular arm under that picturesquely named *condottiere*, "Slasher GERAGHTY." The beaten party were impudent enough to whine about the non-acceptance of their offer to come down—in other words, their desire, on the one hand, to save a fresh exposure of their proceedings, and, on the other, to be able to say that, if the case had been heard, the result would have been different. When they asked leave for this, Bishop NULTY and his counsel doubtless remembered not certain words of the brutal Saxon SHAKESPEARE, which we may adjust to the occasion:—

Tut! a toy,
An old election judge is not so kind, my boy.

Scotland. An exceedingly interesting judgment was given yesterday week in the Justiciary Appeal Court by the LORD JUSTICE GENERAL and a full bench of six other judges, to the effect that cock-fighting is not an unlawful sport in Scotland. The judgments, especially those of the LORD JUSTICE GENERAL himself and of Lord YOUNG, were very well argued and supported, and uncompromising in tone. Cock-fighting, of course, is open to abuse, and we still shake our heads over artificial spurs. But until recently it has been a delight of many brave and excellent since the dawn of history; the cocks (except a craven here or there) appear to like it; and as for the "brutalizing effect" which it is supposed to produce upon that strangely brutalizable animal, the man of the nineteenth century, may no other century produce worse-hearted men than WILLIAM WINDHAM, than CHRISTOPHER NORTH, and than Admiral ROUS, all of whom during the successive generations of the present age were enthusiastic about it!

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The usual Christmas silence was broken last week only by Panama. M. RIBOT'S Government succeeded in repelling another furious, but rather disorderly, assault in the Chamber, on the subject of Ministerial privilege in regard to secret funds. M. RIBOT himself, who is "gleg at the uptak," handled the matter cleverly, and got a large majority. But M. FLOQUET, the President of the Chamber, who, being personally reflected on, gave up his chair to another for the purpose of speaking, had to be "a good deal affected," and so forth, in order to produce an effect.

On the morning of Boxing Day the cold weather, which had come on England and the Continent alike, formed the chief subject of news, with a few political facts and rumours. The French Chambers had separated at last for their Christmas holidays, M. RIBOT'S Government having survived without difficulty a debate on the Swiss commercial treaty. In the quarrel between M. CLÉMENTEAU and M. MILLEVOYE the "fight didn't come off," the latter hero insisting on a sword-and-pistol combat, which the former seems not to have seen. There was good news of the working of Egyptian judicial reforms; bad news as to the chances of a speedy lifting of the *Howe*; and an insurrection in Argentina.

Tuesday's news was rather gossip and history than recent fact. Some account was given of the ingenious and characteristic exploits of the French Captain MONTEIL in the Tchad countries, where (being very well acquainted with the Anglo-French Agreement) the gallant officer made all the treaties he could within the English sphere. Well, well; he and Dr. PETERS can meet and exchange parchments if they like. The Swiss, undaunted, but provoked by the action of the French Chamber, were, it was said, about to meet controlment with controlment in the matter of tariffs.

A great public celebration of M. PASTEUR'S seventieth birthday in Paris was the chief item of Wednesday's news, with talk about the not very active agitation in India in regard to the Bengal restrictions on trial by jury, about the successful opposition of France and Russia to the establishment of municipalities in the Egyptian towns, and about a cathedral to be built at New York for two millions of money, and in a "new and strictly American style of architecture." For the two millions, that is quite possible; but a "new" style of architecture? *Il ne fait pas ce tour qui veut.*

The principal item of Thursday morning was a dynamite explosion at New York, which was very fatal, and arose from an incautious attempt to dry some cartridges used in blasting. Gladstonian newspapers in England have hung rather fondly over this, as those who would, an they dared, say "Unjust are ye, 'O Unionists! Who knows that the poor Irish were 'not innocently trying to dry cartridges on the pavement of Exchange Court?" The Swiss were carrying their tariff war with France quite in a CONDÉ and Prince RUPERT fashion, running up some duties as much as six hundred per cent., to the great delight, no doubt, of German and Italian manufacturers. In fact, it does not seem that Switzerland has much to lose in the matter, while France has. In France itself M. ZOLA has been informing an "interwiewer," as they say there, that Frenchwomen are as virtuous girls and as faithful wives as the women of any country in the world. Oh, what a man of art is M. ZOLA to have dissembled this fact so carefully for thirty years of strenuous novel-writing! What constancy in withholding the truth! What unflinching courage in suggesting the falsehood!

Yesterday morning a new, but unimportant, dynamite explosion in Paris was reported, with some details of the difference on the subject of delimitation between England and Portugal in Manicaland, and a gracious speech from the KHEDIVE to Lord CROMER, who had presented him with the Grand Cross of the Bath. But the most interesting item was the Russian refusal to negotiate "triangularly" with England and China on the Pamir subject, wherein the CZAR'S Government did not unwisely. For it is seldom possible to outwit a Chinese, and not always easy to bully a Briton; so that the application of the fittest mode of dealing with each party in the case can be more hopefully attempted when "Two's company" than under the anti-social publicity of Three.

The Head-masters On their second day of meeting last week the Head-masters chiefly discussed the teaching of English. Perhaps the wisest thing said was by Mr. PHILLPOTTS, of Bedford, when he observed that "the unintended result was sometimes 'the most important.'" The dictum may sound more cryptic than it really is; but, if our "educationalists" would master and attend to its true inwardness, we should hear far less nonsense talked and see much less mischief done. On Monday morning an offensive and priggish letter, signed "T. E. PAGE," and dated from Charterhouse, in reference to the "religious education" debate, announced to the world Mr. PAGE's views on the unimportance of dogma and ecclesiastical history, and his opinion that "public schools are not Church 'schools.'" The former fact is chiefly interesting as showing that Mr. PAGE has reached the point which some persons thought a rallying point for "culture" in the early seventies—and has stopped there; as for the second, the authorities of the school which he adorns may contradict him if they like. If they do not, "Churchmen-parents, who think of Charterhouse, please 'take notice.'"

The Law Courts. MACRAE, the man charged with the Althorp murder, was found guilty and sentenced to death on this day week. His counsel, Mr. ATTENBOROUGH, made an exceedingly good fight for him, the evidence being of the kind which leaves it just possible, though barely conceivable, that the prisoner is not guilty; but the jury wisely declined to listen. That X is not to be found; that a body which is probably, and property which is certainly, X's are found; that Y had a motive for killing X; and that Y's conduct has been that of a man who has killed and disposed of somebody, in the exact manner in which the somebody supposed to be X had been killed and disposed of—is the summary of the case. The only logical conclusion in such a case is the gallows; and the jury drew it.—In a not entirely dissimilar case at Glasgow, where two Irishmen were accused of a ghastly murder, the extreme sentence was passed upon one, McKEOWN, while the other, McNEILLY, was discharged as guiltless.—At Marylebone Police Court on Thursday some singular evidence was given as to the conduct of those important officers, more properly known as bailiffs, though by many names men call them. The court-martial on Admiral FAIRFAX, in the *Hove* affair, began on that day.—On Friday was published a long criticism of the Judges' Report of last June on Procedure Reform, which the Incorporated Law Society, following the example of the Bar Committee, had, at the invitation of the LORD CHANCELLOR, drawn up.

Christmas. Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, Boxing Day, and the new festival which has this year been introduced as a sort of "tiger" to these three days of cheer, were "very old-fashioned"—extremely cold, very dry, and bright enough in the country, though marred in London and other towns by fog. As is usually the case when a very sudden and very severe frost coincides with holiday-time, the ice was too rashly ventured on in many places, and fully half a score of deaths by drowning were reported in Tuesday's papers, the chief being that of General RICE at Loch-an-Eilan (not Loch Anailan, as the newspapers would have it). The ice naturally became safer as the frost, which was of extreme severity, continued; but accidents still happened, and by degrees stories of freezings to death were added to them. The ordinary Boxing Day amusements appear to have been well attended.

Labour. "Bristol riots" is a title famous and of evil omen in English history. The riots at Bristol yesterday week caused by a procession of strikers under the notorious MCCARTHY, who defied the

police and military, were far less alarming than their namesakes sixty years since, but they were not pleasant. And it may be remembered that, though individual laches put the finishing touch to the older affair, its cause was very mainly the tampering of one great party in the State with popular insubordination and military fractiousness. On the same day an amiable person named COWEY, President of the Yorkshire Miners' Association, threatening strikes, said pleasantly that "JOHN BULL would cry out for some coal, and 'be willing to pay a price for it too, before long.'" At that moment poor, foolish "JOHN BULL" (from whom we are, by the way, glad to see that Mr. COWEY distinguishes persons like himself) was putting his foolish hand in his not too rich pocket all over the kingdom to give Labour Christmas-boxes and Christmas dinners, and what not. A striking contrast, and one not, perhaps, wholly to the disadvantage of "JOHN BULL."

Correspondence. As is customary at holiday seasons, the papers have been full of epistles, for the most part on old and rather well-threshed subjects. An exception in favour of some letters, especially those of Mr. LOCH, on Poor Relief and certain (chiefly Boothian) methods of effecting, or not effecting, it, may be made.—Yesterday morning Alderman BEN TILLET took up his high-strung pen to defend the shabbiness of his colleagues towards Sir PETER EDLIN—and failed egregiously.

Miscellaneous. An interesting lot, the original manuscript of Lord TENNYSON's first book, the *Poems by Two Brothers*, with the publisher's reserved copy and other appurtenances, was sold last week by auction, subject to copyright in the unpublished poems, for 480*l.* to Messrs. MACMILLAN & BOWES, of Cambridge.—Very heavy weather seems to have prevailed in the Atlantic. Grave fears were entertained in the middle of the week as to the safety of the Cunarder *Umbria*. Nor when news came of her on Thursday was it particularly reassuring, for it was to the effect that she had been seen lying-to in mid-ocean, and had signalled "unmanageable, but not requiring assistance."—The amalgamation of the Chatham and Dover and South-Eastern Railway Companies has been again mooted.—The fire at the colliery near Wigan was shown to have been due in all probability to carelessness in the use of paraffin torches; but a verdict of "accidental 'death'" was returned.

Obituary. Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS had had a singularly full and varied career—Eton boy, schoolmaster without University education, soldier, actor, Old Bailey barrister, and police-magistrate—and was a man of great cleverness. The distressing illness under which he had long laboured, and against which he fought very bravely, had attracted to him before his death the sympathy of many whose ideal he did not exactly reach.—Archdeacon HESSEY was not for these days a very old man, being not yet eighty; but he had held prominent public positions for so long that he seemed older than he was. He became Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' in 1845, and during his quarter of a century's incumbency that school turned out a most exceptional number of first-rate men. He had been Archdeacon of Middlesex for fifteen years, and had held other important posts (including the Bampton Lectureship) in the Church, and at both Universities. He was a sound, though moderate, Churchman, an excellent scholar, and a good man.—Mr. R. D. DARBISHIRE was very well known twenty years ago as the last of the series of University oars who stroked Oxford to victory during the sixties, and the first of those who succumbed when Cambridge took its turn for a run of luck.—M. LE RAT was one of the most accomplished of those French etchers who, in the course of the last quarter of a century or a little

more, have restored the art to general popularity. He had not the extraordinary adequacy and competence of M. FLAMENG in rendering paintings, but occasionally surpassed him in original touches.

THE DYNAMITER IN DUBLIN.

A WEEK has now passed since "an explosive substance of a high class" was placed outside the Detective Police Office at Dublin Castle by some scoundrel or scoundrels unknown, and there exploded, doing considerable damage to the building to which it was nearest, shattering the windows of Mr. MORLEY's library—or, to speak with the exactitude insisted on by Gladstonians, of a library "only occasionally used by 'Mr. MORLEY'—and inflicting mortal injuries on an ill-fated detective of the name of SYNNOTT. The authors of this cowardly outrage being still at large, their identity and motive must for the present remain matters of more or less probable conjecture. All that any one can do before a capture which we can only hope may be speedily effected is to examine such conjectures as have hitherto been offered on these two points, and to consider to which of them the more and to which the less probability may be reasonably assigned. It should, however, be noted before entering upon any such inquiry that the Unionist theory of the crime displays at least this peculiarity, which we have failed to discern in other theories: it is manifestly believed in by those who have advanced it. Formed without hesitation or controversy among Unionists themselves, it has been unanimously accepted by them, and they have consistently adhered to it. With gross want of patriotism, but with one consent, they immediately determined, as a more than usually distracted Gladstonian print has comically put it, to make "political capital" out of the outrage by applying to it those inferential processes by which men are accustomed to guide themselves in the daily affairs of life. Declining, in this shameless spirit of partisanship, to treat the incident as exempt from those rules of reasoning by which effects are traced to their probable causes, Unionists have had the hardihood to assert that, inasmuch as this particular crime exactly resembles, in moral character, attendant circumstances, and manifest "objection," a variety of other crimes of which the authorship and motive are known, the most rational hypothesis to frame with respect to it is that it was committed by persons belonging to the same class, and actuated by the same motives, as the perpetrators of the crimes above mentioned. Unionists, in other words, entertain a strong belief that the murder of SYNNOTT was the work of men of the order of BRADY, CURLEY, GALLAGHER, DALY, and other ruffians who have expiated, or are now expiating, crimes, or attempted crimes, as cruel and cowardly, and that the motive of it was substantially and in general terms identical with that by which the aforesaid patriots were inspired. We say substantially, and in general terms, because whether the outrage is to be regarded as specifically provoked by the anticipated refusal of the Government to liberate the imprisoned dynamiters, or as a mere casual peal of the chapel-bell to remind Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY of their duties, is in our judgment an immaterial detail. In either case the crime would be in its essential features the same: a murderous outrage committed by the "physical force party" among the Irish Nationalists, with a view to intimidate the English Government and people.

As to the probability of this hypothesis, everybody is entitled to his own opinion; on the probability of any counter-hypothesis we are entitled to reserve our judgment until there is some sort of agreement among our opponents as to what that counter-hypothesis is to

be. They have had exactly as long to construct it as we have had to frame our own; but it does not seem to be forthcoming in any consistent form. At present, indeed, there are even more counter-hypotheses than there are Separatist factions, because some of these factions apparently lay claim to two apiece. Was the explosion a mere act of "private revenge," as an English Gladstonian organ has timidly suggested? Or was it the work of Parnellites desirous of driving Anti-Parnellites into extreme courses, as an Anti-Parnellite newspaper at first suggested? Or was it the doing of Orangemen, as the same Anti-Parnellite print now considers, and our English Gladstonian organ has all along considered, the better opinion? Surely by this time they might have made up their minds. We suspect that they really prefer the Orange theory to any other, and that their hesitation in affirming it out and out is solely due to the fact that Colonel SAUNDERSON is wintering in the Riviera. In the meantime the only point on which the English and Irish Gladstonians agree is that "an enemy hath done this thing." They are sure that it must have been an enemy, because, say they, it is calculated to do so much injury to the cause which even the dynamiter is supposed to have at heart. To which contention there are these two answers at least, to say nothing of others. The first is, that, unless JOE BRADY is merely a character in a shilling-shocker, and his crime only a hideous dream of the romancer, there have been Irish patriots before this—for JOE's patriotism, we take it, was unquestionable—with whom this argument had no weight whatever. It is, indeed, obvious that the question with a political assassin is not what other people, including the sillier kind of English Radical, think, but what he himself thinks, will be the effect of his crime. The second is, that, so far as Mr. GLADSTONE and the Gladstonians are concerned, it is not the truth, but the reverse of truth, to say that violence, whether of dynamiters or others, is "calculated to do injury to the cause" which the said dynamiter is supposed to have at heart. On the contrary, this person may with the utmost plausibility say to himself that, not only has violence been the means of extorting from Mr. GLADSTONE all his past concessions to Ireland, but that Mr. GLADSTONE has himself made memorable admission of that fact, and that Mr. MORLEY has actually appealed to the fear of violence as the principal, if not the only, inducement to the English Legislature to make these concessions larger still.

It is needless, however, to pursue this part of the question further. The Gladstonians would have done better to dispense with all these sophistries, and, admitting that the Dublin outrage is, in all human probability, of Fenian, or Invincible, or Clan-na-Gaelic origin, to have devoted their main efforts to the task of vindicating the "Constitutional" party among the Nationalists from all constructive complicity with the act, and of showing further that, even if they abhor and abjure the crimes perpetrated in their supposed interest, it is they, and not the party of violence, who in a Home-Ruled Ireland would get the upper hand. In saying that Gladstonians would have been better employed in attempting this undertaking, we mean only that success in it would really help them; not that such success would be within their reach. On the contrary, the purgation of the Irish "Constitutional" party was never so difficult; for the crime has happened at a moment so signally unfortunate for them that their conventional expressions of horror at it are, on this occasion, quite ludicrously hollow. What, for instance, is the good of Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites exclaiming in concert against the "wickedness," the "cowardly," the "cruelty," the "infamy," and so forth, of this "fiendish" act, when they have been vying with each other in their efforts to obtain the release of men convicted of

crimes as wicked, cowardly, fiendish, and all the rest of it, as the Dublin outrage? Suppose the authors of that outrage were caught to-morrow, and by some miscarriage of justice escaped the capital penalty of their crime, how many years, or months, of penal servitude would it take to convert them into "wounded soldiers" and "prisoners of war"? Probably just as many as, and no more than, it would take to open the eyes of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY to the fact that it is the men by whom this species of soldiery is levied and paid who are the real rulers of Ireland.

DISTRESS AND RELIEF.

THE letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr. BARNETT and his Committee of fellow-inquirers into the state of the London labour market is an altogether praiseworthy contribution to the various questions with which it deals. In the first place, it shows in a clear and convincing fashion what is the actual amount of existing distress from non-employment, and in what quarter of the metropolis it is to be found; in the second and most important place, it lays down true and sound doctrine as to what to avoid in the attempt to relieve it; and, in the third and only less important place because in matters of positive counsel valuable opinions will often differ, it formulates a series of recommendations for the direction of charitable effort. It would be disrespectful to certain members of the Committee to say that their Report surprises us by its common sense; although to several of their colleagues we should not hesitate to address a remark of that kind with the quiet conscience of those who feel that they have given every man his deserts. We can only suppose that the saner influences prevailed over their fiery opposites, and that in the contest between economics and hysterics the latter got the worst of it. One faint sputter of protest is, indeed, to be observed in the note which Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES appends to his signature by way of dissociating himself, with a modesty which it is not for us to qualify as overstrained, from one of the most sensible paragraphs of the letter which he subscribes. Otherwise, however, there is no sign of disagreement, and such passages as that which remarks upon the "attracting" of destitute persons to East London by the "widely-advertised charitable operations of the Salvation Army," and as that which pronounces so strongly against "anything of the nature of a 'Mission House Fund' for the relief of distress," receive the adhesion of several well-known persons whose names one would hardly have expected to find in such sternly rational company.

How much need there is for some well-constructed system of sluices to regulate the flow of that impetuous and, intellectually speaking, turbid tide of benevolence which sets, at a few hours' notice, in any given direction, the case of GEORGE OSMAN is sufficient to show. OSMAN is a dock labourer at present—or, rather, recently—in distressed circumstances, whose wife gave birth to a child which lived for only five hours. At the inquest the jury found, in accordance with the medical evidence, that the cause of the infant's death was congenital debility, due to a certain extent to the mother having been insufficiently fed. It was proved—or, at any rate, stated—that OSMAN applied to the relieving-officer for assistance, and was offered, and rejected the offer of, the workhouse. On this the Coroner—a little injudiciously perhaps, on such scanty information—permitted himself a few satirical remarks at the expense of our Poor-law system, and gave the man some tickets with which to buy food. That was all; yet, although the inquest was only reported in the *Times* of the 27th inst., the curate of OSMAN'S parish, Mr. KITE,

has to write to the same paper on the 29th to say that "enough, and more than enough" help, both in money and clothes, had been sent to him for OSMAN'S case, and hinting with sufficient plainness that the case is not a deserving one. "It was impossible," he writes, "to investigate it fully before the inquest, but it was even then obvious that a man in good work for eighteen months could not have been reduced to such dire destitution in the short space of five weeks, unless there were other facts beyond those brought to light at the inquest. The real cause of destitution, into which I cannot here enter, has since come to my knowledge, and quite accounts for the present condition of the family." It is not difficult to fill Mr. KITE'S charitable hiatus; but what a lesson is the whole story on the danger of that breathless benevolence which cannot even wait twenty-four hours before indulging itself!

FRANCE.

THE Christmas holidays of the French Chambers have brought about a certain pause in the miserable Panama scandals, to use the name which in reality covers many other and different things. It is the confessed hope of the Ministers, and indeed of all who are interested in the support of the Republic in its present shape, that the furious excitement of the last month may quiet down in the recess. When the Chambers meet again on the 10th of January, the legal proceedings against the Panama Directors and the incriminated Deputies and Senators will be about to begin, and there is a possibility that the Deputies may be persuaded to suspend their activity until the tribunals have given their judgment. It is undeniable that this would be not only the fair, but the business-like, course. The Chamber has work enough to do without spending further time in renewed debates on the one matter to which it has paid any serious attention of late. The Budget alone might well occupy it while the Courts are hearing the cases of the accused. At the last moment the "provisional twelfths" have been voted with the most reckless hurry, and there has not been even a pretence of debate on the condition of the finances. Yet France is threatened with a deficit; the revenue has fallen off since the rigid Protective system was adopted, and the floating debt is again accumulating. To this the majority of the Deputies, overpowered, according to party, by their hatred of the Republic, or, when they are Radicals, by their hatred of the Opportunists, or in many cases by sheer fear that they may be accused of endeavouring to hide corruption, can be got to pay no attention whatever. Their very last act was one which must aggravate the financial embarrassments of the country. They summarily rejected the commercial Convention with Switzerland drafted by the Cabinet when M. LOUBET was at its head. Switzerland has immediately retaliated by imposing still more severe duties on French exports. Although the present Cabinet is composed of the very men who drafted this Convention, they made no serious attempt to defend it. They dropped their own deliberately adopted policy without a struggle.

It is very credibly reported that there is a growing desire both in Paris and the provinces for a dissolution. Ministers may, perhaps, hope that what the constituencies wish is to see the Chamber attend to business, and that this will be made sufficiently plain to the Deputies to induce them to set to work when they come back. If so, a majority may be formed capable of stopping any attempt to renew the late Parliamentary riots. But it is more probable that the constituencies have ceased to expect any good from the Chamber, and

are ready for a dissolution in the hope of securing another and a better. If this is what the Deputies find to be the prevailing sentiment, they are much more likely to come back as intent as ever on proving their hatred of corruption merely to clear their characters, in view of the coming general election. Neither would the country be manifestly wrong if it has ceased to trust its present representatives. Whatever may be the truth of the innumerable charges of bribe-taking so freely made of late, the experience of the last three years has proved that the Chamber of Deputies is thoroughly incompetent. It has neglected its proper business, it has meddled with every detail of administration, it has allowed the finances to drift towards confusion, while it has wasted its time on angry debates. Worst of all, it has been shown that for years—long, indeed, before the present Chamber have been elected—the politicians of the Third Republic have been on terms of the most suspicious familiarity with financial speculators, and have thought it a part of their duty as Ministers to regulate the distribution of good things among their supporters. On that point there can be no doubt. Ministers have avowed these practices and justified them. M. FLOQUET himself, who repelled the charge of personal corruption with so much virtuous indignation, has been the most explicit of them all. He has said, by way of defending himself, that, though he neither asked for nor received money from the Panama Company, he thought it his duty as Minister of the Interior to so regulate the distribution of the fund which the Company spent on “advertisements” that it should be fairly divided among the supporters of the Government in the press. We seem to hear a modern French echo of a speech once made in the House of Lords by a statesman who was also defending himself against a charge of corrupt practices. “When I was Treasurer in King CHARLES’s time, my Lords, the excise was to be farmed. There were several bidders. HARRY SAVILE, for whom I had a great value, informed me that they had asked for his interest with me, and begged me to tell them that he had done his best for them. ‘What,’ said I, ‘tell them all so when only one can have the farm?’ ‘No matter,’ said HARRY, ‘tell them all so, and the one who gets the farm will think that he owes it to me.’ The gentlemen came. I said to every one of them separately, ‘Sir, you are much obliged to Mr. SAVILE,’ ‘Sir, Mr. SAVILE has been much your friend.’ In the end HARRY got a handsome present, and I wished him good luck with it. I was his shadow then. I am Mr. BATES’s shadow now.” Indeed, so much do these things necessarily run upon the same lines, that the story of our own scandals of 1695, even down to Sir E. SEYMOUR’s famous saltpetre contract, has been repeated within the last few weeks in France. M. FLOQUET has been the “shadow” of the papers which got the Panama Company’s money. It was not found that the Duke of LEEDS’s explanation was thought satisfactory, and we much doubt whether the shareholders of the Panama Company, whose money went to the papers shadowed by M. FLOQUET, will think his justification complete.

The second edition of M. ROUVIER’s address is no better than the first. He has added to his general statement, that he borrowed money to supplement the Secret Service from friends, the damaging detail that the friends included MM. VLASTO and DE REINACH. M. DE REINACH is now accused of defrauding the Company when he said that he could place its money profitably with politicians. We are not concerned with the integrity of M. DE REINACH, and it is no part of our duty to disentangle whatever truth there may be in the coil of stories told of his dealings with the Company, with politicians, and with M. CORNELIUS HERZ. What is absolutely proved is that M. DE REINACH and M. CORNELIUS HERZ were on terms with politicians

which allowed them to advance money and support papers in the interest of their friends. It has not been proved that M. CORNELIUS HERZ was either directly or indirectly concerned in bribing anybody. It has been shown that he owned for a time a great share of M. CLÉMENCEAU’s paper *La Justice*, that he was promoted with most exceptional rapidity to a rank very rarely reached by foreigners in the Legion of Honour, that MM. CLÉMENCEAU and ROCHEFORT (they tell the story themselves) met at his table, and there arranged plans for annoying the Opportunist Republicans and driving M. CONSTANS from office. M. CORNELIUS HERZ is an American-German Jew, and it is at least startling to the less well-informed class of Frenchmen to learn that he has been so active for so long in French politics.

If the constituencies, reflecting on this story during the recess, come to the conclusion that it is time to put a stop to all this, they will not be to blame. M. FLOQUET’s own hands may be clean—indeed, nobody questions his personal integrity—M. ROUVIER may not be a penny the richer for the kindness of his friends, MM. A. GRÉVY and DEVÈS may not have known that they were pocketing the money of the Panama shareholders, M. SANS-LEROY may have changed his mind on a review of the evidence, the worst sin of M. BARBE may have been that he did not live to defend himself. Perhaps all this is thus; but none the less it has been shown that the kind of person described by M. ROUVIER as “a financier concerned in all important affairs” has been much—very much—too busy in Paris. Ministers have stood on terms with him which are not dignified, and Deputies have run after him for “tips” and shares in very safe “gambles.” Whether, given the conditions of political life in Paris, it will be found possible to put a stop to all this, and what form the effort to stop it all may finally take, are questions by themselves; but that there will be some sort of attempt made seems highly probable, and experience shows that in France such an undertaking is as the letting out of a flood. M. JULES SIMON says that it is all a question of the corruption of a few; but unhappily that is not so. It is a question of a whole political party mixed up in financial speculation and with financial speculators, putting itself under obligations to them, and using its official position to push its private fortunes, if not by vulgar bribery, at least by sharing in Stock Exchange gambling with financiers who give good terms to men who may be useful to them. This cannot be corrected by allowing those of the party who have not been found out to punish those who have. The constituents are much more likely to think that a clean sweep is wanted—and this is another name for revolution.

ELECTION PETITIONS.

ALL the English and Welsh petitions which resulted from the General Election of the present year have now been decided, with the exception of that at Cirencester, where, at the end of next month, the judges will have to preside over what is practically a scrutiny only, charges of malpractice being apparently withdrawn. An article in the *Times* of last Monday drew attention to one result of the cases hitherto decided—the startling discrepancy between the decisions at Walsall and Stepney in *re* hat-cards and banners. It was worth doing, but we are inclined to attach less importance to this particular point than to a wider and more general consideration arising from the comparison of all the seven trials—Manchester as well as Walsall, Hexham, Worcester, Montgomery, and Rochester as well as Stepney. Finsbury, as turning merely on technical points of qualification, may be omitted. When the Legislature gets into what may,

without irreverence, be called its peddling moods, and at the same time, being half ashamed of itself, gives license to judges to repair its folly by their own discretion, it is practically inevitable that in the upshot "one should be taken and another left." Different judges—nay, the same judge at different times—may, and almost must, come to different conclusions as to the propriety of extending or withholding relief in very complicated sets of circumstances. The discrepancy, if discrepancy there be, is inseparable from the modern fad for niggling and tinkering legislation which at one moment treats electors as all-wise and omnipotent governors, and at another as irresolute and irresponsible children.

A very much greater evil, as it seems to us, is the ease with which petitions may be brought, and the complete immunity from unpleasant counter-inquiries which the technical device of "not claiming the seat" affords. In two of the recent cases, at least, it was clear, and was practically stated by the judges, that the petition was frivolous and vexatious, that it ought never to have been brought, and that its bringing was a gross hardship on the respondent. In another it was notorious, and was partly proved, though the completion of the proof was stopped as irrelevant, that the petitioners were mere dummies or stalking-horses, and it was freely affirmed and not, so far as we know, contradicted, that the money was found by a rich man who was not a candidate, who was not, so far as was alleged, even an elector, but who did the thing out of spite because the sitting member had taken part in one of the now usual "campaigns" against him, the maintainer, in another part of the country. Yet, again, it has been broadly hinted in many cases, and practically proved in more than one, that if there was any tar going, both sides had undergone the same brush; that the very practices which unseated A had been freely resorted to by his opponent; that persons who were active in managing the petitions had a career so much more than suspicious that they could not have come into court if they had not been technically safeguarded from cross-examination as to anything but the actual charges.

Now we should suppose that such a state of things must be equally unsatisfactory to the fanatics of "purity of election" and to those who chiefly wish for general fair play and honourable conduct. No rational man can think it of any importance whatever that two or three score shillings have been spent on hat-cards, or believe that a full-grown Briton can be induced to vote against his sacred convictions because he has received a shilling's worth of food at a sixpenny tea. Every rational person must be offended by the spectacle of a rich, ill-tempered, and unscrupulous partisan finding himself, not merely not hampered, but positively encouraged, by the law in something not unlike the fine old practice of common barratry. And it is a still more serious thing—a thing, indeed, for which it is impossible to discern any palliation or excuse—that the greatest part of this encouragement should lie in the refusal of the law so much as to inquire whether the petitioning party comes into court with clean hands or not. For ourselves, we cannot conceive on what ground the present state of things can be defended. If the first object is purity at any price, nothing surely can further that object better than a ruthless and impartial inquiry into the conduct of the whole election on both sides. If the object is to protect candidates of honest intention from vexatious attack and from the consequences of the blunders and peccadillos of their friends, that object is not likely to be prejudiced by removal of the present artificial screen of "not claiming the seat." A very simple change would do what is wanted. Make every petition carry with it liability to examination and cross-examination in regard to everything that has

been done on the losing as well as the winning side: and, if the right of petitioning is not limited to the candidate or his authorized representative (to which there might be some, though no very strong, objection), adopt means for assuring the substance and *bona fides* of the actual petitioners. In short, extend to politics the same bare justice which cross-actions and counter-claims extend in ordinary civil cases, and the thing is done.

THE POOR-LAW COMMISSION.

THE object for which the new Poor-law Commission has been issued is one with which there is no fault to be found. The present Poor-law system is unquestionably superior to the slovenly and corrupting old system which it displaced. But it is not so self-evidently different from other human institutions that it can be declared out of hand to be free of all fault, nor is it so sacrosanct that it is to be considered privileged against an overhaul when responsible persons have argued that it requires amendment. A properly constituted Commission of Inquiry may be able to show that its supposed defects cannot be removed without incurring greater evils. This of itself would be a gain, since it would clear the ground and cut short useless discussion. We may take it for granted that the essential part of the reference is in the second clause. The inquiry whether something may not be done under the present system to improve the administration of relief to "persons whose destitution is occasioned by incapacity for work, resulting from old age," is really an inquiry whether outdoor relief cannot be given on easier terms. But the second portion of the reference will make it incumbent on the Commission to inquire into the very principle of our Poor-law system. It calls upon the Commissioners to inquire "whether assistance could otherwise be afforded in those cases." Otherwise must mean in some way which does not make the recipients of relief paupers. The Commissioners will find this inquiry one which imposes no small burden on their patience and ingenuity.

The constitution of the Commission is not so easily judged as the reasonableness of the reference. Every selection of men or verses must stand two tests before it can be declared satisfactory. The first is the question, Does it contain what ought not to be there? That test the Commission stands fairly well. The most exacting critic will hardly be able to show solid reasons for saying that any one of its eighteen members is unfit or necessarily superfluous, while the name of the chairman will be universally approved. Lord ABERDARE will be confidently trusted to preside, while the names of the PRINCE OF WALES, Lord LINGEN, Lord PLAYFAIR, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. RITCHIE, Mr. CHARLES BOOTH, Mr. C. S. LOCH—to mention only those of its members who are most manifestly qualified by rank, interest in the subject, and knowledge—will give authority and dignity to the body of the Commission itself. But the selection of names does not stand the second test to which it must needs be subjected equally well. This is the question whether what ought to be there is not absent. In this case the answer must, unfortunately, be answered in the affirmative. We do miss something which ought to be included in the list of the Commission. There is not on it any one direct representative of the Church. This is really a discreditable omission, both because of the effect it must have, and for the reasons which we cannot but believe have dictated it. The absence of the Church of England from a Commission appointed to inquire into a matter which she understands better than any corporate body in the kingdom must necessarily diminish its weight. It is indecent that the only share which the Church will be able to take in a

work peculiarly her own should be the evidence to be given by such clergymen as appear in the character of witness.

The reason for this exclusion is, we imagine, sufficiently indicated by the fact that no priest or minister appears on the list of members. We will not, without evidence to support us, attribute the absence of the Church of England to anything so mean as the determination of the present Ministry to punish the Church for its little love of Gladstonian Radicalism by deliberately abstaining from an act of justice and courtesy. The omission may be confidently attributed to another motive. As things go, the presence of a bishop, or clergyman of any rank, would have been resented if it had not been counterbalanced by the inclusion of many other "ministers of religion," ranging from Roman Catholic bishops to representatives of all subdivisions of dissent. Once upon this path the Government, under penalty of hearing that Nonconformist votes had become doubtful in the Eastern Counties, and that stirring articles were appearing in the vernacular papers of gallant little Wales, would have been driven to swell its Commission to unmanageable proportions. There have, unfortunately, been too many precedents of late years to justify the contention that intrusive or dissenting bodies have a right to sit by the Church of England. It may be, too, that the Ministry has been in some doubts how far it could select from the dissenting bodies obviously fit members of the Commission, even if it was allowed to choose freely, and was not driven to include the Salvation Army. In this pass it naturally perhaps, but neither courageously nor wisely, decided to deprive its Commission of the assistance which the Church could have afforded it.

THE YEAR.

THE only event of 1892 which had received serious attention previous to the meeting of Parliament was the death of the Duke of Clarence 14th of January. The Queen's speech opened with a touching reference to "the terrible sorrow which" had "afflicted" Her Majesty. This melancholy loss was properly commented upon by the leaders of all parties in both Houses. The remaining portion of a brief speech was devoted to a list of the measures which the Ministry intended to introduce to Parliament. It included an Irish Local Government Bill, an Agricultural Holdings Bill, Scotch and Irish Private Procedure Bills, an Indian Legislative Councils Bill, a Church Discipline Bill, one for altering the rules which limit the power of prisoners, the wives or husbands of prisoners, to give evidence in criminal trials, and one or two minor matters. Of these the first only was, or ought to have been, considered as contentious. The Agricultural Holdings Bill did, indeed, propose to commit Parliament to a sufficiently arduous effort to extend by law that class of yeomanry which has been unable to hold its ground in the economic condition of English agriculture. But considerations, not wholly unconnected with an intelligible desire to convince the new class of agricultural voters that their interests are dear to all parties, secured the Bill an easy course. It was read for the third time in the Commons on May 29, and, after undergoing amendment in detail at the hands of the Lords, was passed at the end of June. The Indian Councils Bill, which gives the Viceroy enlarged powers to avail himself of the services of fit natives, was quietly passed, after an unsuccessful attempt had been made to introduce the "elective principle" into a country where it is even less familiar than monogamy. The Clergy Discipline Act, which simply gives a bishop power to remove without unseemly delay and unjust expense to himself any clergyman found guilty by the Courts of immoral conduct, was passed unamended. It would not be necessary to mention so simple, so obviously reasonable, a measure in a general history of the year, if a most indecent attempt had not been made to obstruct its course by two Welsh members, and that in defiance of Mr. Gladstone himself. But a general survey cannot stop to take notice of small measures of which a good share does not fail to

pass in the most barren Session. This produced, including the renewals and matters of form, the not despicable number of sixty-two. Among them we may spare a word for one which dimmed the lustre of Sir W. Harcourt's one great achievement by fixing a close time for hares.

While modest Bills were passing in quiet moments, the more conspicuous activity of Parliament was devoted to the preliminary conflicts of the majority and the Opposition. As not unfrequently happens in this, as in less complicated forms of wrestling, one of the combatants made use of his skill and agility to defeat the obstinate efforts of the other to secure a good grip. In the first nights of the debate Sir William Harcourt made as if he were coming up roundly. He denounced Lord Salisbury in good set terms for imaginary denunciations of the Irish race and the Roman Catholic Church. But when Mr. Sexton moved the Home Rule amendment which never fails, and when the Parnellite Mr. J. Redmond made a candid Home Rule speech, Sir William Harcourt slipped away to such good purpose that he slipped out of the ring. The incident, though not the first of its kind, was the first in this year of a long series. In and out of Parliament, on the platform or in the press, there has been a repetition of the same situation with a slight modification of the *mise en scène*. The Parnellites say that Ireland will be content with nothing less than Colonial Home Rule. The Anti-Parnellites say nothing, or say ditto. The Unionists ask whether that is what the English Separatists propose to give—and then the English Separatists imitate Sir William Harcourt, and go home to dinner, so that the question remains unanswered to this day. One approved Parliament manoeuvre for avoiding unwelcome handgrips has always been the free employment of abuse and noise in place of argument. It was on noise and abuse that the Opposition relied to meet Mr. Balfour's Irish Local Government Bill, introduced on the 18th of February. Analysis of a Bill which was not heartily welcome to the supporters of the Government, and was dropped, together with the Procedure Bill, when the Ministry had decided on the date of dissolution, is now superfluous. The Bill was read for the second time on the 24th May, after a hostile amendment of Mr. Sexton's had been beaten by the handsome majority of 92, but it went no further. By this time the Ministry had come to the decision that the dissolution could no longer be postponed. It had sufficiently indicated its position as one of readiness to grant all just and equal things to Ireland, and to the agricultural voter as one of readiness to consider his interests. Its foreign policy required no definition, and was indeed not seriously impugned. The Opposition, though it cannot be said to have laid down any policy beyond one of unlimited confidence in Mr. Gladstone, had not been wanting in efforts to attract the utmost possible number of voters. It did not shrink from supporting Mr. O'Kelly's Evicted Tenants Bill; Mr. Haldane's Bill to give County Councils the right to earmark landed property at discretion, and buy it at any time within twenty years at the price fixed at the time of earmarking; Mr. Fenwick's Bill for the Payment of Members; or Mr. Leake's Eight Hours Bill in favour of the miners. All parties and both Houses must share the responsibility for the discreditable Eastbourne Act, which condoned the Salvation Army's defiance of the law. The dissolution on the 28th June left politicians free to devote themselves without disguise to the General Election.

The preparations outside the House had been all along vigorous on both sides. It would be idle to attempt to chronicle the speeches which were "inevitable and innumerable." But some of the incidents must be particularly mentioned. One was the presentation of Mr. Gladstone as their true and only friend to a select body of agricultural delegates, who met in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, and feasted in the Holborn Restaurant. With this may be compared a highly amusing interview between the Separatist leader and a deputation of Socialistic workmen, who endeavoured to recruit him for the Labour Programme. Mr. Gladstone not only won an easy victory by an almost cruel use of his long training as a debater—entrapping his unlucky would-be hecklers into the most damaging concessions and contradictions—but he made it quite clear that he professed to appeal for support, now that the actual conflict was at hand, wholly and solely on the strength of his Irish policy—of which, however, he steadfastly refused to reveal more than the intention. The Loyalist conventions in Ireland, of which the largest and most imposing

was the meeting of Ulstermen at Belfast, formed a striking part of the preparation for the General Election. Occurring at different dates in June, on the very eve of the dissolution, they enforced the sentiments, fears, and determinations of loyal Irishmen with a force most accurately measured by the voluble, and mostly both stupid and abusive, anger of the English Separatists. The associates of the associates of the Clan-na-Gael were not ashamed to denounce as treasonable the language of men who announced their determination not tamely to be handed over to the tender mercy of traitors. A deputation of Irish Nonconformists visited England to appeal to their fellow-Nonconformists in Great Britain. From the action of a body calling itself the London Nonconformist Council, it appeared that too many members of the bodies included in the name were prepared to go all lengths in the hope of being the better able to gratify their hatred of the Church of England; but the Irish protest cannot have been without effect.

Although the polling could not be said to be formally closed till the return from Orkney and Shetland, which could not be made till the 26th of July, the contest was decided in the first two weeks of the month. The result justified the prophecy attributed, on perhaps doubtful authority, to Mr. Schnadhorst. Mr. Gladstone obtained a majority, at first estimated at 42, and since reduced, by the revision of the return for Greenock and the capture of a Separatist seat at Cirencester, to 38. The details of the contest show that all parties alike have in different degrees been disappointed. The Unionists, both Conservative and Liberal, have learnt that their Free Education and Agricultural Holdings Acts have not availed to save them from diminution of majorities and loss of seats in the country constituencies. But disappointment did not fall on the Unionists only. The Gladstonians failed to effect that destruction of the Liberal-Unionists which they had boasted of as sure. That party has, indeed, been reduced by nearly a third of its numbers, but it still remains a compact body of 47, possessing, by the ability of its leaders, an influence greater than is proportionate to its size. Mr. Chamberlain, whom the Separatists hate with a perfect hatred, has been shown to possess an influence in the midland counties of which it would hardly be possible to exaggerate the extent and the solidity. The great fall in the majorities of some of the most noted Separatists is another, and most certainly a keenly-felt, disappointment. Mr. Morley's appearance as a bad second to Mr. Hammond at Newcastle has been proved not to possess the significance at first attributed to it by his easy victory when a contest was forced on him by Mr. Ralli after his appointment to office. But Mr. H. Gladstone at Leeds and Dr. Farquharson in East Aberdeen had very narrow escapes; while the majority of Mr. Gladstone himself in Midlothian was reduced from 4,631—the figure of the last contest—to 690. The Labour party has shown itself unmanageable in several places, even to the extent of securing the return of a Unionist by dividing the Separatist vote in Perth. In Ireland the Unionists have gained ground, and the Parnellites, though greatly reduced, are not destroyed. The extent of their defeat, too, has been shown to be due to the use of clerical influence to an extent which must prove injurious to the Gladstonians in Great Britain. The Separatists remain dependent for their majority on the Irish vote; while many of the Scotch and English supporters are understood either to care little for Home Rule or to be decided that it shall be of the gas-and-water variety. The narrow character of their victory has been shown by the action of Sir E. J. Reed at Cardiff to have encouraged some at least of this stamp to assume an attitude of still verbally respectful, but undeniable, independence towards a leader who has only just escaped defeat after six years of strenuous effort in opposition. One feature of the election has been the free use of language which may be most politely described as highly figurative by the Separatists in the country constituencies. Mr. Long, in the Devizes district of Wiltshire, undoubtedly lost his seat largely because the agricultural labourers were told that his return would be followed by an instant and very great increase in the price of bread. This categorical lie has been ingeniously excused on the ground that it was only a metaphorical way of telling the agricultural labourer, in a manner adapted to his intelligence, that some of Mr. Long's friends are Fair-traders, that Fair-trade is Protection in disguise, and that Protection means dear food.

There was nothing in such a defeat to make it incumbent

on the Ministry to follow the very modern practice of resigning without meeting the House. It very properly, and to the diverting annoyance of some Separatist Constitutional (and sciolistic) pedants, decided to force the Opposition to move a vote of want of confidence. If the leaders of the majority could not be forced to reveal what they meant by Home Rule, they could, at least, be compelled to make the discreditable confession that they dare not risk the revelation, and they were compelled to confess as much by a silence doggedly but shamefacedly maintained under the goading of Mr. Redmond, and the stinging criticism of the Unionist leaders. The Houses met on the 8th, and the expected vote was moved by Mr. Asquith, who had quite quenched his once burning thirst for information as to the meaning of Home Rule. Three nights of debate—Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday—were spent in the foreseen way, and then a majority of forty (350 to 310) turned out the Unionist Ministry in favour of Mr. Gladstone and nobody knows what.

The history of the next few days is one of those stories only to be told briefly, or at a length impossible here. How a Cabinet was formed of immense size with a small Cabinet in its arms, how it overflows with Peers, their relations, and the Old Gang to the inarticulate fury of the New Lights, how a slave waited upon Mr. Labouchere to obtain assurances that he did not want what he was not going to get, how Mr. Labouchere made use of this incident in the interests of *Truth*, how Sir E. J. Reed showed his expected indifference to office by declining a Junior Lordship of the Treasury, how Lord Rosebery took the Foreign Office when he had been properly asked to do so—all this and more will be told at proper length some day. The outward and audible noise of it was loud in the papers. The Ministry was formed on the expected lines, and got to work when Mr. Morley, the Chief Secretary, had vindicated his position at Newcastle by an unexpectedly considerable majority, and Sir W. Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, had repelled a feeble but undeniably vexatious attack on his seat at Derby.

This work it is needless to say was and is double. The first and easier part is the concealment of what is meant by Home Rule. This has been effected with a success to which we shall apportion its meed of praise when we know whether there was more to conceal than a scientific but too probably hopeless longing to realize a political fourth dimension. Mr. Gladstone, after toying with Snowden, Homer, and other things, is gone to Biarritz. The draft of his Bill is at home. The Cabinet tries to look virtuously resolute to reveal nothing, and that word describes with precision what is known.

The other division of the Ministerial day's work is not so easily done. This consists of the fulfilment of all the inconvenient promises made in Opposition. With Mr. Asquith at the Home Office, an effort was naturally made by his old clients of Trafalgar Square to enforce what he once called their right to make a debating hall and basis of operations of that meeting of many thoroughfares. It was unfair to remind the Home Secretary of what he said when he was counsel. In his new office Mr. Asquith has pooh-poohed the right for which he argued as barrister, but has permitted the use of the Square under restrictions which are not so strict as to prevent the professional demonstrator from imposing much extra work on the police. Mr. Asquith's difficulty has been as nothing to Mr. Morley's, who has a whole island of Trafalgar Squares to provide for. There the Parnellite goads the Anti-Parnellite to goad the Chief Secretary to govern according to Irish ideas. One of these—the release of the dynamiters in prison here—cannot be carried out without the help of Mr. Asquith, who has proved apparently unmanageable. The dynamiters remain in prison. But in Ireland Mr. Morley has a freer hand. There he has made more than one attempt to pacify those who want the whole loaf, and believe that threats will extort it, by timid offers of little slices of bread. The Gweedore prisoners have been released from the punishment they were undergoing for that "act of war," the killing of Inspector Martin, who, according to Irish ideas, justly incurred his death by endeavouring to arrest Father McFadden without first providing himself with a sufficient force to cool the noble Irish rage. This was on Friday. On Saturday, Christmas Eve, the full extent of Irish gratitude was displayed by a dynamite explosion in the Castle, by which another police officer, a detective, was killed, and the building damaged. Mr. Morley may reflect on the exact value

of the conciliation which gives the wolf enough to whet his appetite.

The chronic Irish welter, which is always worse, or not so bad, according to the firmness of Government, has undergone just the change which might be expected from the transfer of the Irish Office from Unionist to Separatist hands. Under a Chief Secretary who lets murderers out of prison, and a Viceroy who has ruled that expressions of loyalty to the Constitution under which he acts are provocations to ill feeling, there is naturally more freedom. Lord Houghton's snub to the Loyalists earned him as much as he deserved—that is to say, it was considered by the persons whom it was meant to conciliate as more than outweighed by his insulting conduct to Ireland in another matter. He did not give the making of his lackeys' breeches to a tailor approved by the patriot leaders. But these persons have been so busy with one another that they have had comparatively little leisure for the Viceroy. The Anti-Parnellites have had a little open domestic quarrel of their own, understood to be the public manifestation of much hidden struggle. It broke out in the *Freeman* office, and on the subject of the control of that journal, which, after supporting Mr. Parnell, turned to his opponents when the result of several elections showed that the priests would be too strong for him, and has since been amalgamated with the *Independent Press*. In May a meeting of the shareholders was the scene of a very lively conflict for the control of the combined papers between Mr. Dillon and Mr. Healy, who criticized one another's morals and intelligence with truly Irish candour. Then they fell into one another's arms. This was a mere episode. The great conflict has been between the Anti-Parnellites, the party of the priests, and the Gladstonians, of the one part, and of the other the Parnellites, who, being excluded from this fellowship, have fallen back on posing as extremists and incorruptible patriots—a good safe line in Ireland. Abuse and cudgellings have been freely exchanged. The General Election reduced the Parnellites to nine, but they may recover the seats of North and South Meath. In these constituencies a Pastoral of Bishop Nulty's, which declared Parnellism to be heresy, has led to the unseating of the anti-Parnellite members, Messrs. Davitt and Fullam, on the ground of clerical intimidation. The trials revealed some striking examples of the use made by the Irish priest both of hell flames and the blackthorn. But, as the Parnellites are not extinguished, they still retain their power to drive their opponents by the simple process of always capping the patriotism and the promises of the Anti-Parnellites, who in their turn must drive Mr. Morley. The evicted tenants of the Plan of Campaign supply each with a stick to beat the next in the chain. These dupes of Mr. W. O'Brien's impudent fraud are personally in distressed circumstances. The Paris fund is still locked up, though there have been many reports of compromises by which it is to be released, which have all failed because, so it is said, the Parnellites insist on getting rid of Mr. Healy, whom the Anti-Parnellites would resign themselves to losing, but whom love of his country and the influence of the clergy combine to keep at his post. In these circumstances the task of providing for the evicted tenants has fallen on Mr. Morley. The Chief Secretary has endeavoured to provide for it by appointing a Commission, under the presidency of Sir J. Mathew, to report on the best way of restoring them to their holdings. It has not yet reported, but it has done something else. It has given Sir J. Mathew an opportunity of showing that, if he is a judge on this side of the water, he is an Irishman on the other. At the first public meeting of the Commission he fell foul of the landlords, and of Lord Clanricarde in particular, in a style which has induced the whole body to have no further dealings with the Commission. He quarrelled with their representatives on the question whether it was decent to allow all kinds of stories to be told against the landlords, and to permit of their publication without allowing cross-examination. He quarrelled with one of his colleagues on the same point. Another left at once to take a permanent post. Sir J. Mathew remains with the remnant to hear all that anybody has to say against the landowners—an occupation which is varied by disputes on side issues with the Land Commissioners.

At home and in non-political matters the year has not been one of great interest. The cholera, which has been fatal on the Continent so near us as Hamburg and Paris, did not touch England. Though trade has been, and is, distressed, there has been no great crash. But the coal

strike has supplied an extraordinary instance of the follies into which whole bodies of workmen can be led by agitators, and their own obstinacy. In March a general strike took place among the coal-workers, not for an increase of wages, but in order to force up prices by an artificial famine, with the ultimate object of avoiding a reduction. The movement, though not, as had been threatened, universal, was so far extended as to create some real distress in industry, and among purchasers in the towns—more especially among the poor. There was even for a time a panic, by which the middlemen profited immensely for a few days. But the strike came to an end with the week—having produced no effect beyond the already mentioned distress to the poor, some inconvenience to the trade, and the loss of wages to the men themselves. It left one very serious consequence in the strike of the Durham miners, which was prolonged till the end of May, having lasted in all for ninety days, and affected no less than 200,000 men directly, to say nothing of those who were indirectly injured by it. The obstinacy of the Durham miners was accompanied by a great deal of violence. They would not even allow the pumps used to keep the mines clear of water to be worked. In this case the object of the men was to resist a reduction of 15 per cent. in their wages, but they were finally compelled to accept a compromise arranged by the Bishop of Durham, by which the reduction was fixed at 10 per cent. This same belief that wages can be kept from falling by creating an artificial famine has been given as the excuse for the very considerable strike in the Lancashire weaving trade. Bristol has revived its old reputation as the most turbulent town in England by a furious riot, growing out of a strike, just before Christmas. Happily, on this occasion the troops were used in time, and the town escaped being gutted, as it was in the historical riots of sixty years ago.

In foreign and colonial affairs the most conspicuous as well as the most intrinsically interesting events of the year have been connected with Uganda. In May stories began to arrive of wars in that region in which Captains Lugard and Williams, agents of the East Africa Company, had taken an active part. The reports came from members of the Roman Catholic Missions, who accused the English officers roundly of fomenting a religious conflict, and of treating them personally with great harshness. Subsequent reports from Captain Lugard, confirmed by himself on his arrival in England in the summer, threw a very different light on the story. The version of the English officers was that the Protestant Waganda had not attacked, but had been attacked by, the Roman Catholics; that they themselves had been compelled to intervene to protect our clients, and that if the King Mwanga had gone into exile, it was because he was carried, not because he was driven. His subsequent return and declaration of adhesion to Protestantism would seem to show that the English is the true version. But the historical accuracy of the competing accounts of the wars of religion in Uganda was a matter of academic interest as compared to the question what was to be done with our "influence" in the country. It was known that the East Africa Company could not maintain its posts in Uganda without further Government support, and that Lord Salisbury had accepted its decision to retire. The change of Ministry occurred before an alternative could be decided upon. The hostility of many members of the new majority to a forward policy was notorious, and although confidence was felt in the patriotism of Lord Rosebery, there was some anxiety as to how far he could secure a free hand. The decision of the Ministry was commonly understood to imply an invitation for an expression of public opinion in favour of retaining a hold on the country. Lord Rosebery accepted the "principle" of retirement by the Company, but prolonged the Government allowance for three months—from the end of the year till the end of March. The public support understood to be asked for was freely given. A Commissioner, Sir Gerald Portal, has been sent up on the part of the Government, and the nomination of an officer whose forward views are well known is considered to be a guarantee that there will be no surrender of a country which cannot now be left without national discredit and danger to our position in the Nile Valley.

Minor foreign affairs have been—the final settlement of the Behring Sea Arbitration, after somewhat unmannerly difficulties had been raised by Mr. Harrison, the outgoing President of the United States, as to the terms in which the Canadian fishermen were to be compensated for their losses

in case the decision is in favour of England; and the defeat of a very idly ingenious attempt of the Sultan to introduce novel limitations into the firman of investiture of Abbas Pasha, who has succeeded his father Tewfik as Khedive of Egypt. An English Mission to Morocco has gone to Fez to arrange a treaty of commerce, and has returned without success, after negotiations disturbed by riots. As a set-off to our failure, a French Mission has gone the same road to no better purpose—so that hitherto Mulay Hassan has managed the game of playing one big neighbour off against the other with some success. The Russians have made some suspicious movements on the Pamir, and have advanced claims in their approved old manner; but their leader, Colonel Yanoff, has been disavowed and recalled, while the claims have not been pushed to the point at which England would have to choose between surrender and the presentation of an ultimatum. In Afghanistan, the Ameer Abdurrahman—the Mulay Hassan of the East—has been in hot water with tribes, which are his subjects, or are not, or are one or the other according to circumstances. The Indian Government has been so far interested in his position as to send him an invitation to receive an English special mission headed by Lord Roberts, which invitation he has contrived to accept in principle and elude in execution in a very Mulay-Hassan-like fashion.

The more notable events of the year which do not come under any particular head have been mostly transacted in the law courts. The Pearl case ended in the only remaining creditable manner, by the surrender of the lady accused of the theft, and her plea of guilty. All three of the United Kingdoms may be said to be discredited by the horrible Montagu case. A Scotchwoman, a convert to Roman Catholicism, married to a gentleman of English descent—and that of the best—resident in Ireland, was found guilty of causing the death of one of her own children, a little girl of less than three, was recommended to mercy by an Irish jury on the ground that she had severe theories of discipline, and was sentenced by an Irish judge to the absurd punishment of one year's imprisonment. Two scoundrels who had contrived to commit a long string of murders of women were finally brought to justice—Deeming at Melbourne and Neill in London. The loss of the *s.s. Bokhara* in the Eastern Seas and the *s.s. Roumania* on the coast of Portugal were two of the most terrible wrecks ever known. At this moment *H.M.S. Howe* is on an unmarked rock in the difficult channel which leads to the landlocked Spanish harbour of Ferrol.

The course of affairs in foreign countries has been full of changes of Ministries, of negotiations, and conflicts—none of them leading as yet to any definite result. Russia has been struggling with famine, cholera, the results of both, and with financial embarrassments, none of which things has put any stop to the persecution of the Jews. The Balkan Peninsula has been, as usual, full of rumours and of plots against M. Stambuloff. As usual, too, the first have ended in smoke, and the second in the suspension of conspirators, leaving M. Stambuloff stronger than ever and Bulgaria nearer than before to independence. In Austria, Italy, and the small Powers the old elements have produced the old conflicts, or the old peace, but no decisive event. It is interesting to Englishmen to see that the "union of hearts" which binds Norway to Sweden threatens more clearly every day to end in divorce, or in the complete reduction to conjugal submission of the weaker vessel by the strength of the stronger. In Germany, the elements of what may become a very serious political conflict indeed have been at work all through the year. Pitiably enough, the great genius of Prince Bismarck has not saved him from the error of imitating the fallen favourites of all time, and from endeavouring to fret the master who will not let him rule. But the restless activity and the unstable will of the young Emperor have been no less manifest. Early in the year he had committed himself to the open support of an Education Bill which was to give great powers to religious teachers. In a published speech he took for his model, and recommended to his subjects for imitation, the confident courage of Sir Francis Drake, who swore on the peak in Darien to sail an English ship in the South Seas. But Sir Francis swore on his knees, and subject to Divine pleasure; and he did it. The Emperor swore after dinner, only referred to the Divine powers as equal allies with the House of Hohenzollern in an offensive and defensive league; and, when his Education Bill was proved to be unpopular, he let it drop. At the end of the year Germany is preparing to debate an Army

Bill in which the Emperor is necessarily interested, and which is apparently no less unpopular than the other measure. The events of French history for the year have been as those of a battle or a ball—innumerable, confusing, disputable, and hardly to be told coherently in any space. It has had three changes of Ministry in one twelvemonth; dynamite explosions; a semi-Socialistic and wholly wrong-headed strike in Carmaux, which provided the Chamber with matter for incoherent debate; a Paris jury has found extenuating circumstances in favour of the chief dynamiter, a few days after the Chamber, in a wild panic, had made exploding dynamite a capital offence; there has been a really spirited and well-conducted small war in Dahomey, under an officer of the English name of Dodds, and of part English, part French, part negro descent; the Pope has authoritatively declared that it is the duty of Frenchmen to support the Republic, and some Conservatives have thereupon withdrawn from supporting the monarchical parties. But all has been smothered and thrown into oblivion by the outbreak of hatred, malignity, indignation, fear, and nervous excitement called generally "the Panama Scandal." A sweeping denunciation of his colleagues in the Chamber by M. Delahaye, combining with the announcement that the Government had at last decided to prosecute the Directors of the Panama Company, and the sudden death, for a time set down as suicide, of a financial speculator named Baron Jacques de Reinach, suspected of participation in the bribery of Deputies, let loose a storm which is quieter for the moment now that the Chamber is in recess, but is assuredly not ended. The successive stages of this crisis—for it is that beyond dispute—have been, taking only the main points, these:—First, it was announced that the Panama Directors were to be civilly prosecuted; then M. Delahaye declared in the Chamber that a hundred Deputies had received bribes from the Company; then the Chamber appointed a Committee of Investigation; then M. Pourquery de Boisserin moved that judicial powers be given to the Committee, without success; then the Committee demanded that an autopsy should be held on the remains of M. Jacques de Reinach, and when the Ministry refused up-set it; then a week was spent in endeavours to form a new Cabinet, without result, and the old was reconstructed under M. Ribot as Premier; then M. Ribot ordered the autopsy, but refused to grant the judicial powers to the Committee. As, however, he was supported by a very narrow majority, the Ministry, to vindicate itself, took the strong course of instituting criminal proceedings against the Panama Directors and the members of the Senate or Chamber of Deputies, one of them being M. Rouvier, who was its colleague till his name was implicated. On the very day before the recess began the name of M. de Freycinet was all but dragged in. The net result has been as yet to prove that the politicians of the Third Republic have used their position to push their fortunes on the Stock Exchange, and have not shrunk from putting themselves under obligations to financial speculators. The want of a formidable competitor makes it almost certain that the Government of France will continue to be called a Republic; but it is by no means impossible that there may be profound modifications in the form of the present constitution, which is assuredly deeply discredited. In the United States the way has been prepared for a great change in policy: The Republican Convention at Minneapolis having put aside Mr. Blaine, and the Democratic Convention at Chicago having chosen Mr. Cleveland, the Presidential conflict was fought out between him and Mr. Harrison. It resulted in a most unexpectedly complete victory for the Democratic party. They have now a President of their own, and a majority in both Houses of the Legislature, and it is considered certain that the late extreme Protective policy of the Republicans will be modified. Since the Brussels Conference called at the invitation of President Harrison has ended by demonstrating the unwillingness of the European Powers to change their established currency systems, it has become no less certain that the United States will cease their disturbing efforts to keep up the market value of silver.

The first name to be mentioned in an English obituary of this year is that of the Duke of Clarence, the ultimate heir to the throne of this country, whose sudden death on the eve of the date fixed for his marriage had a pathetic as well as a national interest. Next to him we may mention Tewfik Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, not a strong, but an

honest, man. England and France lost the acknowledged chiefs of their literatures, Lord Tennyson and M. Ernest Renan, within a few days of each other. Mr. Woolner, a sculptor of power and a writer of verse, died in the same week. Mr. Walt Whitman, of whom it is debated, not wisely in the opinion of many, whether he was a poet at all, and Mr. Whittier, of whom it is not denied that he was a poet, if a small one, have been lost to America. Mr. E. A. Freeman was an historian of vast learning, individual ideas, and strong prepossessions, not unmixed with prejudices; but his influence as an inspiring force on the historical studies of his time, his command of a vigorous and sonorous, if somewhat limited, English, and his power of packing much in a small space without crowding, were beyond dispute. Cardinal Manning began as an Anglican divine, and ended as a typical Roman ecclesiastic of a certain modern stamp. Lord Sherbrooke, more famous as Mr. Robert Lowe, was a politician whose cleverness was not the less conspicuous because he never fitted exactly into any recognized ranks. Sir Richard Owen was in the first rank of scientific men. Less famous names than these were those of Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, an admirable scholar; Mr. Spurgeon, the Baptist preacher, whose eloquence compelled hostile critics to acknowledge that he was a force; Mr. Fyffe, a writer on modern history; Mr. Cooper, the Chartist poet; Colonel Grant, the traveller; and Mr. Macgregor, once extensively popular as "Rob Roy." Sir George Campbell was an Indian official of note who had a Parliamentary career not uncommon, in a less degree than his, with men of his training; and Sir Lewis Pelly had won high distinction in India. Abroad we have to note the deaths of Cardinal Lavigerie, the African missionary, and the agent, if not the inspirer, of the Pope's pronouncement in favour of the Republic; of General de Laveaucoupet, who fought with honour in the war of 1870-1; of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, a sailor and writer on sea affairs who attained to the honours of the French Academy; of M. Xavier Marmier and M. John Lemoine, also of that honourable body; of General Deodoro da Fonseca, who founded the Brazilian Republic; of General Klapka, one of the Hungarian leaders in 1848; and of General John Pope, a really clever, but ruinously conceited, man, who went into Virginia to shear General R. E. Lee, and came back woefully shorn. The gaps made in the ranks of the stage by the loss of such artists as Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Miss Lydia Foote, and others have been already noted in our weekly "Chronicle."

CHILDREN OF THE ROAD.

WHO was it rendered *Mens sana in corpore sano* as "A ranging mind in a roving body"? He ought to have been a sturdy tramp, and might have edited the other less aged saw which says every Child of the Road should have four main pockets on him; one to keep his health in, another for his money, the third for a good pal, and the last—a roomy one—for patience. As for the third pocket, men are various; but the world is wide, and that light of religion Nûr ed Din, from whom is borrowed that term of Child of the Road, dropped into poetry over the question in *The Thousand and One*, speeding his parting son with—

Thou wilt find a friend in the place of him thou leavest;
And fatigue thyself, for by labour are the sweets of life obtained.
Sir Thomas More was even more cynical in the turning out of this pocket—"worse and more of it," as the saying used to be. "How every fool can play upon the word," says Lorenzo, in *The Merchant of Venice*, when he is stating harder things of his creator's own puns than ever any other commentator has since rung the changes on without acknowledgment. However, "it is much that the Moor should be more than reason"; and to bear it out, he, Sir Thomas, knocked two of the wanderer's pockets into one; "for, although he wisheth one to carry always his Friends bout him abroad, thereby hee meanes peeces of gold."

A handy man might add another small poke—they have done so in the German knapsacks these many years—for his Berlepech or his Baedeker, and some of these booklets will again give him another piece of sage advice:—

Qui pense à voyager
Doit savoir écouter,
D'un pas égal marcher,
Ne point trop se charger,
Dès l'aube se lever,
Et soucis oublier. (1650.)

The last is the hardest of all. You shall see the fussy gadabout fret his gizzard into a series of indigestions over each last hotel-bill. He never settles down fair and easy to his going far; never finds spare stretches to loiter round the shops with Florus, or loaf in the taverns:—

Ambulare per tabernas,
Latitare per popinas.

He is ever, like a fugitive, in some dread or other about the time and its tables, or the troubles that never come; and can't see the sights for his guide-books, like the perfunct who bring their plays to the theatre, or the prentice wright who "carried the coach-wheele upon his back, when he might have trilled it before him all along."

The wonder is how such pilgrims ever do come to rambling; but most of them soon get too much of it, and fall away into the vast reserve of stay-at-homes. They are the sort of men who should be examined before giving them passports, as "the old Lord Treasurer Burleigh" used to do to those who "came heretofore to the Lords of the Council for a license to travel"; so reported Edward Leigh in the times when a man took his old cloakbag about him, and put himself into a caroch. These are the wights that maintain and justify the patron saints of wayfarers; a Saint Fiacre (who set up in business with other duties), or a Japanese Buddhist Jizô, who became the providence of rovers because he is the helper of those who are in trouble. Therefore do they put him on way-posts, and for some similar reason, doubtless, they carve gods on the Corean mile-stones.

Some wretches, again, travel from a wandering mania; but these are congenitally unfitted for the enjoyment of the road. Others are driven about by Care; but in this wise they spoil a good thing, and get not rid of a bad. There was such a man, who spent a day—one day—in Rome, as though it were some Rosherville of the penny boats; and another was known who went to Japan, but, restless in every fibre, had to keep moving, and left the land of the cherry-blossom by the same steamer. As old Florio rendered the tag:

Care, looking grim and blacke, doth sit
Behind his backe that rides from it.

Item: Here cannot be comprehended all vagrom men, but your ocean bagman of the first chop, who globetrotts, and between whiles does Norway (and that) without a knapsack, is fuller of wrinkles nowadays than even your Queen's Messenger used to be—in novels. A mem. worth keeping in that third pocket.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE year is ending in gloom at home and abroad. In this country particularly, the liquidation of bad business accumulated during the reckless speculation in the years immediately preceding the Baring crisis has been nearly completed—at all events, has gone so far as to justify the belief that we should now be on the eve of recovery were it not for foreign influences. For over two years new enterprise has been almost discontinued, savings have been going on at the usual rate, and the embarrassed houses have been able to realize a considerable portion of the assets that at one time were unsaleable. Unfortunately the revival which seemed about to begin in the summer was checked by the extremely bad harvest, which has plunged the country into agricultural depression, and since then the silver crisis has become more and more grave. In the Far East trade has been very much checked. The fluctuations in silver have been so frequent and so violent that few people cared to incur further risks. At the same time the exchange banks were involved in losses which lowered their credit, and compelled them to restrict their engagements. One of those banks has gone into liquidation, another has been compelled to reorganize, and all of them have been forced to observe so much caution that merchants have not been able to get the accommodation to which they were accustomed, and so mercantile business has declined. In India more particularly there is a further fear that the Government may stop the coinage of silver—at all events for private persons. If it were to do so, the consequences might be serious, and naturally, therefore, every one is waiting upon events. It seems almost certain that the price of silver would in that case fall heavily, and that the silver hoards, which in India

are believed to be of enormous magnitude, would therefore be depreciated. Besides, prices would be likely to fall, and that might further disarrange trade. Over and above all this, there is the danger that, if the mints were closed, the competition of China in the tea-trade would increase and that the Indian cotton manufacturers would lose the advantages they now possess. In the United States, owing to the unwise purchases of silver for the past two and a half years, the currency has become redundant. Gold is being exported at a season when, under other circumstances, it would have been received, and there is grave apprehension that gold will go to a premium, will then be hoarded, and will ultimately disappear from circulation. What will happen then nobody can say. It may be, of course, that the American public will not be alarmed. They may have sufficient confidence in the ability of their own Government to fulfil all its obligations not to be discomposed. On the other hand, it is certain that in the Eastern and Middle States the silver policy pursued so long is looked upon with the gravest apprehension. Bankers and merchants may, therefore, take alarm, and there may be a crisis. The danger is sufficiently great to warn all who are concerned to put their houses in order; and so there is a falling off in business and a widespread feeling of uneasiness. Upon the Continent the influence of the silver crisis is aggravated by the Panama scandals in France, the renewed famine in Russia, the proposed increase of the army in Germany, the deepening of the crisis in Italy, and the apparent imminence of bankruptcy in Spain. Of all those minor influences, however, the most depressing for the moment is undoubtedly the state of France. Grave, however, as the situation unquestionably is, there are still reassuring considerations. The first of these is the long time that has been given to all who are concerned to prepare for contingencies. For nearly half a year now all well-informed observers have seen that the silver crisis was rapidly approaching. They had full warning therefore, and nearly all great houses everywhere have been making the necessary preparations. The public, moreover, has not been speculating, except in France. There confidence continued long after it had given way elsewhere, and that is one reason why the state of things in Paris creates so much apprehension. In all other countries—even in the United States—speculation has long been checked, and consequently it is to be hoped that fresh bad business has not been accumulated. Even if the crisis proves as serious as many people apprehend, it is not likely that the after consequences will be as disastrous as at first sight might be expected. There will, of course, be a shock to credit, and there necessarily must be some failures. But if the preparations against contingencies have been as general and as complete as there is reason to believe, the shock will not be anything like what it was when the difficulties of Messrs. Baring Brothers came to be known. There will not be the same lock-up of capital, the same accumulation of unsaleable assets, the same long liquidation of bad business; it is quite possible, indeed, that the recovery may be much more rapid than would now seem possible. The crisis has been so long foreseen, if the preparations are adequate when it comes, it may be felt as a relief, and investors generally may feel justified in acting more freely than they have been doing for the past two years.

Money continues exceptionally cheap and plentiful for the last week of the year. Usually there is much borrowing from the Bank of England, and high rates are charged outside; but this year very little has been borrowed from the Bank, and the quotations outside are unusually low. At the Stock Exchange Settlement, which began on Wednesday morning, operators obtained all the accommodation they required at about 3 per cent., while the discount rate in the open market is little better than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. All this is evidence of the utter stagnation of enterprise, and the general gloom that prevails.

The price of silver has been maintained at slightly over 38*d.* per ounce. The closing quotation on Thursday was 38*d.* Nobody is willing to buy, except on a great concession, for future delivery, and there is not very much demand even for immediate delivery. The reassuring telegrams from New York have somewhat abated the apprehensions that existed. It is now hoped that the crisis is not so imminent as it appeared last week; but that a crisis is inevitable before long nobody doubts.

Upon the Stock Exchange business is as stagnant as ever; but on Wednesday an attempt was made to put up prices.

The method adopted was very skilful, there having been large buying on Continental account of Consols, which rose to a trifle over 98. In Paris, too, the great operators busily spread the report that during the adjournment of the Chambers members would come to a better state of mind, and further efforts to rake up scandal would easily be defeated. In the course of the day, however, confidence somewhat gave way on sinister rumours. In New York, too, there was some recovery of courage, owing to the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury that much of the gold recently withdrawn from the Treasury has been replaced by deposits, and that there is no danger of any inability on the part of the Treasury to fulfil all its engagements. But the courage was not long sustained; for it shortly afterwards was reported that next month the shipments of gold would be on an extraordinary scale, and that probably the metal would go to a premium. The belief is spreading that it will be impossible to carry the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act through the present Congress, and it is known that there is a silver majority in the new House of Representatives. It is, therefore, very uncertain what course Congress will adopt; but, if the Act is not repealed, and the purchases of silver are continued on the present scale, it is inevitable that gold must go to a premium. Under these circumstances all operators in London feel it incumbent upon them to be very cautious how they act. Nobody can know what may happen from day to day, and it is expedient, therefore, to husband all resources. The silver crisis and the Panama scandals undoubtedly cause the chief preoccupations, but not the only ones. The news from Russia becomes graver and graver every day. In spite of all official denials, it is now notorious that many of the provinces are being ravaged by famine as severe as last year's. Owing to the famine, to the low prices of produce, and to the expulsion of the Jews, it is feared that there will be a commercial crisis; and then, people are asking anxiously, will the Government rush into war to divert the attention of the people? There is much danger, too, of bankruptcy in Spain. In the present state of Paris it is useless to attempt to borrow there; it would be still more useless to try to do so in London; and yet it is not easy to see how the Government can pay its way unless it can obtain pecuniary assistance abroad. Unfortunately, the Bank of Spain is in as dangerous a state as the Government, and at any moment specie payments may have to be suspended. The acceptance of the resignation of Dr. Plaza, the Argentine Financial Agent here, has made a bad impression, as it is supposed to foreshadow an interference with the Rothschild arrangement and a severe cutting down of interest.

The agitation for the amalgamation of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company with the South-Eastern, which has been going on for some months, has at length called forth a reply from the Directors of the South-Eastern. In the middle of last week a circular was issued by the Committee which is conducting the agitation, laying down the basis on which the negotiations ought to be conducted, and pointing out the reasons in favour of amalgamation. Amongst these, perhaps, the most strongly-urged was the conflicting interests of Sir Edward Watkin, who is Chairman of other Companies as well as of the South-Eastern. The South-Eastern Board, in its reply, states that the basis laid down is impossible, for when negotiations were opened between the two Companies in 1890, one of the demands of the Chatham and Dover Company was that annual payments should be made to it, ranking before the claims of the South-Eastern shareholders, to the amount of nearly 300,000*l.* The Directors go on to say that, as matters stand at present, amalgamation is impossible, but that they wish so strongly for a friendly agreement with the Chatham Company that they have proposed a working arrangement which, if adopted, would secure all the advantages to be obtained by complete fusion.

During the week British, Indian, and Colonial Government stocks have all advanced. Consols closed on Thursday at 98 $\frac{1}{8}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{8}$, and the same day business was done at 98 $\frac{5}{8}$, which represents the highest quotation of the year; Indian Sterling Threes closed at 98, also a rise of $\frac{1}{8}$; Cape of Good Hope Three and a Half closed at

99½, likewise a rise of ¾; and New South Wales Four per Cents closed at 110, a rise of ½. There has also been a general advance in Home Railway Ordinary stocks, especially the heavy lines. Great Western closed on Thursday at 163½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 105½, a rise of 1; Midland closed at 157½, a rise of ¾; and London and North-Western closed at 172½, a rise of ½. In dividend-paying American shares the movements have been diverse. The better class have given way. Thus New York Central closed on Thursday at 112½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½, and Lake Shore closed at 133½, a fall of ¾. But the less assured have advanced. Milwaukee, for instance, closed at 78½, a rise of ¾, and Louisville and Nashville closed at 72½, a rise of 1. Argentine railway stocks are generally lower. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed on Thursday at 20-2, a fall of 1; Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 122-3, likewise a fall of 1; and Central Argentine closed at 68½, a fall of 1½. Argentine Government Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 67½, a fall of 1½, and the Funding Loan closed at 66½, a fall of 1½. In International securities there has not been as much movement as might have been expected from the excitement in Paris; but French Threes closed on Thursday 96½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. Spanish closed at 63½, a fall of ¾; Greeks of 1881 closed at 64½, a fall of as much as 3½, and the '84 bonds closed at 61½, a fall of 4.

PANTOMIMES.

ACCORDING to a now well-established custom, the Crystal Palace pantomime was performed for the first time on Saturday afternoon. The title is *The Babes in the Wood and Bold Robin Hood*—a mixture, as may be imagined, of two well-known stories, with more or less pertinent glimpses of some others. On the whole, this must be pronounced a children's pantomime, since Mr. Horace Lennard's book has been mainly written with a view of pleasing the young people. Yet the humour certainly "leaves to seek." Mr. Sam Wilkinson has achieved renown on the variety stage, but can hardly be said to have imported his usual vivacity into this production. Miss Kitty Loftus makes an extremely diverting Jack Daw, and dances, sings, and acts with great energy, much to the general benefit of the performance. Of the two robbers, whose names—we blush to record it—are Tarara and Boomday, the former is represented with great ability by Mr. Arthur Watts, who is imbued with something of the spirit of true burlesque. The mention of burlesque reminds us that Maid Marian, an insignificant part, finds no less accomplished a representative than Miss Laura Linden, an actress who has done excellent work in that branch of her art. We do not grudge Miss Linden's services to the children, but wish that she had to do work more worthy of her capabilities and their appreciation. An excellent alphabet scene did something to add to the gaiety of the afternoon; but the best thing was the procession of the animals from the Noah's Ark, the scene being quaintly and consistently painted in the true archaic spirit which prompted the contrivance of our early toys.

Drury Lane pantomime is a pantomime in name only. It is called *Little Bo-Peep*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, and *Hop o' my Thumb*, and it is written by Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Wilton Jones. Sir Augustus Harris seems to have gone to work at the pantomime in the same spirit in which he creates opera seasons. With the exception of Mr. John D'Auban, an eminent professor of stage and music-hall dancing, the company are mostly music-hall performers of some note, and, in addition, we have the Brothers Griffiths. We have not the slightest objection to the Brothers Griffiths, whose work is genuinely funny and not less genuinely pantomime work. The book of Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Wilton Jones is, to say the least, dull, and even common. A redeeming feature is the grand procession of Fairy Tales, including living representations, all pretty faithfully rendered, of many of the legends dear to the hearts of childhood, and the earlier procession of all the sports, from golf and horse-racing to yachting and cricket (marbles and tipcat alone being excepted).

We are told that comparisons are odious; but it is

nevertheless sometimes our duty to make them, and in this case a pleasing one. The New Olympic Theatre is by no means as large as Drury Lane, and the management lacks many of the advantages possessed by Sir Augustus Harris. In spite of this, however, we have no hesitation in declaring *Dick Whittington* as performed in Wych Street to be superior to the Drury Lane production. To begin with, Mr. Horace Lennard, although he has written some villainous rhyming couplets, has respected the integrity of the story, and has, moreover, told it in a pleasant straightforward fashion, qualities of infinite value in such a connexion, since the youngsters are not obliged to pause every few minutes to ask themselves if the piece is *Dick Whittington*, or *Babes in the Wood*, or *Jack and the Beanstalk*, or if they are being slyly dosed with a little *Æsop*. Singular to relate, there are no less than three singing voices in the cast to which one can listen with pleasure, their possessors being Miss Kate Chard, Mr. Deane Brand, and Miss Amy Farrell, all of them capable vocalists and welcome additions to any pantomime company. Except in so far as some of these have appeared at music-halls, the variety element is, happily, entirely unrepresented at the New Olympic, the management of which is, to that extent at least, entitled to our hearty thanks. Miss Edith Bruce, the Whittington, is already favourably known in connexion with many Christmas successes at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Charles Lauri has in his time played many cats, but none better than the present. Miss Alice Brookes was a charming Alice; Mr. Julian Cross's costume as Captain Barnacle was full of humorous suggestion, from the draught-markings on his sea-boots to the Plimsoll load-line across his chest; and Mr. Fred Emney, Miss Kate Sullivan, and Mr. Victor Stevens were all suitably funny as Alderman Fitzwarren, his wife, and the cook. Among the various dancers of the ever-welcome hornpipe we must not forget to mention the very pretty little step by Miss Rosa Kelly, a tiny mite of about two feet high. There are also other members of the company whose good work we should like to mention if we had the space. From beginning to end, the stage was full, in varying degrees of course, of life, colour, and movement. There was ample drollery, and scarcely a dull moment. The great scene, the Palace of the Emperor of Morocco, was worthy of any stage in London, not excluding the Empire or the Alhambra. The scheme of colour, blue in many shades, from the palest to the deepest, contrasted with strong yellows, was most tasteful and effective, and while bearing evidence of ample care, was not weakened by any niggling affectation of minute detail. A sufficiently handsome transformation scene preceded an excellent harlequinade. Mr. Oscar Barrett must be congratulated on the success of this genuine pantomime, the stage management of which was flawless. The scenery was more than usually good, the Palace scene, with its suggestion of heat mist, forming a particularly suitable background to the great pageant, and the music throughout was judiciously selected.

ENGLISH CHESS.

ONE of the most notable events in the chess world during the winter season will be the great North and South match, to be played at Birmingham on the last Saturday in January. There are to be a hundred players on either side; and the idea has been taken up so warmly that, in spite of time-tables and the chapter of accidents, few games are likely to be forfeited by absence. It will be the first time that so many as two hundred English chess-players have been brought together to try conclusions under the same roof; and, indeed, chess is almost the only game at which such an encounter, short, sharp, and decisive, could be arranged beforehand for a given time and place. The actual play will not occupy more than four hours and a half, whilst some of the competitors would prefer a limit of four hours. The shorter the time allowed for play, the heavier will be the labour of the adjudicators, who will in any case have plenty of work cut out for them. Mr. Blackburne has been agreed upon as umpire, and there is no doubt that his decisions, which must naturally be somewhat summary in their character, will be received, on the whole, with as little cavil as those of any one else who could have been selected. The adjudication of unfinished games is sure to be one of the most important features of this match. It has been sug-

gested that the players of such games ought to be required to put their respective claims before the umpire, leaving him to decide whether White or Black can see his way to victory, without taking account of any superior combination on either side which might occur to his own mind, but which the players themselves would probably not have seen. Clearly, however, that plan would not always work. Neither White nor Black might be able to show that he had a won game, and it is precisely for such cases that a strong umpire is indispensable. As a general rule, when two cautious match-players have been fencing with each other for the last half-hour or so, the umpire understands that neither can see much beyond a draw, and that to give one of them the benefit of a dubious chance, of which he has already declined to avail himself, would be an act of something more or less than justice. The games which are really difficult to adjudicate are those in which one side, with a manifest inferiority of strength, has been struggling intelligently for a draw, and those in which both sides, approximately equal in forces and position, are conducting a healthy combination of attack and defence. Games of this kind could not be fairly decided without submitting them to the sole judgment of a player of Mr. Blackburne's repute; and, with an even number of such games before him, even Mr. Blackburne will be only too happy if he can pair off his decisions, one against another.

The effect of playing a hundred men on each side will inevitably be to neutralize, or at any rate to dilute, such casual advantages as either the North or the South might be supposed to possess at the outset. Thus, the Southern team, captained by the Rev. W. Wayte, will include the pick of a very large number of metropolitan players whose excellence has been frequently demonstrated. It has been urged that the twenty-five Southern counties, comprising the London and home county clubs and the two Universities, are favourably handicapped, in comparison with the fifteen Northern counties. The best players of the North naturally do not think so, and the strong Lancashire and Yorkshire clubs, in particular, have good ground for believing that their team will be able to hold its own at Birmingham. In fact, the original challenge came from the North, though most of the preliminary arrangements seem to have been left in the hands of the new Southern Counties Chess Union, which, under the chairmanship of Canon Deane, promises to combine the existing clubs in a strong and active organization.

The tournament and match play of the autumn and early winter months has been of a specially interesting character, and bears witness to a steady improvement of calibre on the part of the average English amateur. It is unnecessary to dwell on the details of this play, but an exception ought to be made in favour of the continued brilliance of the Cambridge University Club, which is just now one of the strongest in the kingdom. Messrs. Gunston, Atkins, Schott, and Keynes might be matched against the four best amateurs of any other club—not, perhaps, with confidence in their victory, but with absolute certainty that they would acquit themselves well. In a recent match between the Cambridge and the British Chess Clubs, which was won by the former, the players above-mentioned made even scores with Messrs. Mortimer, Trenchard, Donisthorpe, and Hirsch. It would be excellent sport to see these fine exponents of the game matched once more in friendly rivalry. But, as the North and South teams will include nearly all the best amateurs in England, each list being drawn up in order of estimated merit, we shall have a good opportunity of comparing our strongest players.

MR. CHARLES MORRITT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. CHARLES MORRITT'S entertainment, which takes place at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, every afternoon, is a very varied one, and, by avoiding monotony, he makes it a very attractive one. Mr. Morritt is well known for his sleight of hand, which he has often displayed at the Egyptian Hall, and which is the first proof which he gives in his own entertainment of his powers of conjuring. The Shadowgraphs are also too well known to want further remark here. His cage mystery "Flyto" is ingenious, but his "latest unfathomable mystery, the Missing Lady," is the most seemingly wonderful piece of deception of all. The lady is placed in a chair, is bound round with ropes, hauled up several feet from the ground by a sort of crane

in full view of the audience with no curtain near her. Mr. Morritt fires a pistol and she is gone in one second, the empty chair remaining! Next to Mr. Morritt's own performance in merit comes Lieutenant Frank Travis's ventriloquism, the climax to this clever performance being his smoking a cigarette whilst he makes an old man sing a song. Miss Nellie Ganthony gained much applause last Monday by her charming and graceful imitations. The Veveys in their musical entertainment were delightful; so was their clever dog, who accompanies their music with a song. Paganini Redivivus charmed his hearers with his violin-playing and the tricky but very clever "One-Hand Effect." Altogether, this is an entertainment to be seen. We would suggest that shorter "waits" would be a great improvement.

THE NOBLE CONVERT.

"Conciliation has not wholly subdued them. . . . The right of holding a private magisterial inquiry, and of summoning witnesses to appear, although there is no accused at hand to be prosecuted, does not at the present moment exist in Ireland. If it were revived in Dublin, little objection could be offered."—*Daily News*.

GOOD Gladstonian, sweetly reasonable!

And you find these wicked acts

So enlightening—when unseasonable!

What an open mind for facts!

"It has not subdued them wholly"—

Manly candour! Has it not?

Does it spread a little slowly

The Conciliation-rot?

Do you need more time to fit it

To suppress the Crime-disease?

Well, 'tis noble to admit it

On such trifling signs as these.

So it proves the scourge has lasted,

Lingering, if no longer rife;

Just this one poor fellow blasted,

In an instant, out of life!

Just this hint of recrudescence,

Just this transient relapse,

And you own that convalescence

Is not quite complete—perhaps.

Nay, magnanimous admission

Does not even stop at this—

"Powers of private inquisition

Would," you say, "be not amiss.

"'Gainst the Crimes Act, when protesting,

Ne'er did we that section blame,

Though we—for we *will* be jesting—

Gave it an opprobrious name.

"We confess it worked not badly,

That addition to our laws,

And we now would welcome gladly

That hung-up 'Star-Chamber Clause.'

"Only tell us which to swallow

Of the pledges we rehearsed,

Only tell us which to follow

Of the paths we scorned and cursed.

"Something—anything—we care not

What abasement you impose;

This alone we know, we dare not

Keep the road we rashly chose.

"Anything—Coercion's leaven

With Conciliation mix!

Anything, in earth or heaven,

That will help us in our fix!"

Good Gladstonian! Cease appealing,

Pity's gates on you are shut;

Pure contempt's the only feeling

For the figure that you cut.

How you look! your projects routed,

Cringing thus in panic blind

To the Authority you flouted,

To the Law you undermined.

Tell us, *you*, should we your last or

First presented face survey;

Brand you for your factious past, or

Scorn you in your mood to-day!

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.*

IN the preparation of these two large volumes Mr. Barnett Smith has shown an amount of industry that, if not perhaps entirely well directed, is worthy of commendation. He has written a great deal, and has, as a rule, taken such pains to avoid mistakes as are consistent with the nature of his work, which appears to be a compilation from various second-hand, though undeniably good, authorities, rather than the result of original research. He has extracted or recast the information bearing on his subject that lay ready to his hand in the works of Bishop Stubbs, Hallam, Freeman, Lord Stanhope, Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Lecky, the late Lord Farnborough, and other modern authors, and has combined his materials so as to produce a consecutive history of the English Parliament, together with short accounts of the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland. If he has to any extent worth consideration derived matter from original authorities, we have failed to discover it in the large portion of his book that we have gone through for the purpose. It is quite possible that there may be people who like a medley of this kind, and may be glad to have the learning of eminent historians presented to them, digested or undigested, as the case may be, by Mr. Barnett Smith, specially as what he has written or copied is for the most part accurate and important. We are not of their number, liking to read men's work in their own books. While there are very many passages in this book avowedly abstracted from other authors, they by no means represent the extent to which scissors have been used in its manufacture. Not a few passages have been taken without acknowledgment from Bishop Stubbs's *Constitutional History*, and appear here thinly disguised by some changes in the order of the sentences, or in a few trivial words. If any of our readers desire to know the nature of the treatment which Mr. Barnett Smith appears to think entitles him to use the Bishop's work as his own, we may refer them to vol. i. pp. 154, 270, 285, 286, of this book, and suggest that these pages should be compared with the Bishop's *Select Charters*, pp. 472, 473 (ed. 1870), and *Constitutional History*, iii. 142-44, 223, 224. Somewhat similar, though less undisguised, assistance appears to have been obtained from Hallam's *Constitutional History*, while a comparison between vol. ii. p. 246 of Mr. Barnett Smith's book with Mr. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i. pp. 443, 444, affords results so startling that we will, partially at least, lay them before our readers:—

MR. LECKY.

In the latter years of Anne, however, the circle of political interests had widely extended; and, to meet the demand, short summaries of Parliamentary debates, compiled from recollections, began to appear every month in Boyer's *Political State of Great Britain*, and, in the following reign, in the *Historical Register*. Cave, who was one of the most enterprising booksellers of the eighteenth century, perceived the great popularity likely to be derived from such reports, and he showed great resolution in procuring them. In 1728 he was brought before the House of Commons, confined for several days, and obliged to apologize for having furnished his friend Robert Raikes with minutes of its proceedings for the use of the *Gloucester Journal*. . . . In 1731 Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which was soon followed by its rival, the *London Magazine*, and in 1736 Cave began to make Parliamentary reports a prominent feature of his periodical, &c.

The only hint given by Mr. Barnett Smith of the use which he has made here of Mr. Lecky's work is that at the end of the two or three pages about Parliamentary reporting he has cited as authorities *Parliamentary History*, *Lecky's History of England*, and other books. Neither here nor, as a rule, elsewhere does he

MR. BARNETT SMITH.

In order to meet the popular demand for Parliamentary information during the closing years of Queen Anne, short summaries of debates, compiled from recollection, began to appear in Boyer's *Political State of Great Britain*, and, in the following reign, in the *Historical Register*. At length Edward Cave, the enterprising publisher, perceiving the popularity likely to be gained by such reports, made strenuous efforts to procure them. In 1728 he was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons, confined for several days, and obliged to apologize for having furnished his friend Robert Raikes with minutes of the proceedings for publication in the *Gloucester Journal*. . . . Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1731, and it was speedily followed by the *London Magazine*. In 1736 Parliamentary reports became a prominent feature of Cave's periodical, &c.

vouchsafe any more precise references to the works of other authors, even though they may, as in the case of Mr. Lecky's *History*, fill several volumes. One effect of this system of giving insufficient references is obvious; a reader not familiar with the books referred to is unlikely to find out the extent and character of the use made of them. It is possible that Mr. Barnett Smith may have more matter that may fairly be called his own in this book than we think; we cannot attempt to investigate fully the extent to which he is indebted to others. Nevertheless, we do not consider ourselves called upon to review his *History* exactly as we should review an independent work on the same subject.

In spite of the care that he has generally betowed on these volumes, he has not escaped every pitfall. It needs no great familiarity with the early history of Britain to appreciate the passage in which he cites the letter of Elutherius (*sic*), the Pope, to Lucius, "one of the Kings of Britain in the second century," as illustrating the constitutional position of the ancient Britons. And we are unable to allow that this decidedly obscure subject is in any way elucidated by his quotation of Freeman's remark that the institutions of King, Lords, and Commons are to be discerned in a rudimentary state "in days which were ancient in the days of Hengest." Though charitably inclined, we confess to feeling amused at the trouble of a compiler who finds, or thinks that he finds, one of his most trusted guides at issue with another. Mr. Barnett Smith appears to be exercised about a "great Witenagemot," which, "according to Mr. Freeman," was held at Oxford in 1015. "There is," he says, "no record of the above witenagemot in the *Select Charters*, but Bishop Stubbs" mentions a meeting of the witan in Ethelred's reign at Woodstock. If Mr. Barnett Smith had taken the easy course of looking at the authorities for Freeman's statement, which, we suppose, are the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and Florence of Worcester, he would have found that a very startling event took place at the Oxford Assembly, and would not have been driven to suggest that either Freeman or Bishop Stubbs believed Oxford and Woodstock to be virtually the same. What, too, can he mean by saying that there is "mention of a school or college at Oxford in 802"? If we are to go one better than the Alfred myth, we might as well "find mention" of the Greek and Latin schools at the ford of the Isis in the times of the Britons. While we did not expect scholarly writing in this book, we think that Mr. Barnett Smith might have abstained from describing Henry, Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II., as "Prince Henry," or lands pertaining to an episcopal see as the "appanage of a bishop." Nor should he have said that the statute against heretics of 1402 partially introduced into England "the horrors of the Inquisition"; the law of England had no more to do with the Inquisition than it had with the Fire of London. He sometimes, as in his attempt to enumerate and distinguish between the different Councils of the realm under the Norman and Angevin kings, gets into a slight muddle by not sticking close enough to one safe guide. That he is not acquainted with the results of the latest researches on the subject is perhaps evident from what he says with reference to the carucage of 1198.

Not entirely to pass over the later portions of his work, we may observe that it is silly to describe Bishop Gardiner as "infamous," and that he is mistaken in saying that the Speaker Charles Abbot gave his casting vote for the impeachment of Lord Melville. His mistake probably arises from a failure to understand a note in Lewis's *Administrations of Great Britain*. The incident to which he refers took place on the motion for a vote of censure on Melville. When three months later Leicester moved that the House should proceed against Melville by impeachment, and should stop the prosecution by the Attorney-General, the votes were 166 for, to 143 against, the motion. While, however, this book contains some errors, it is, as we have already observed, on the whole, carefully written. Like most books made up from secondhand materials—our belief that this is certainly not an unfair description of the one before us is strong—it is extremely dull, and, to any one acquainted with the sources from which much at least of it is taken, highly irritating to read. Down to the end of the Yorkist reigns the point at which Bishop Stubbs's *Constitutional History* stops, it is full of good learning, occasionally spoilt by lack of knowledge on Mr. Barnett Smith's part. The treatment of the history of the Tudor times and specially of the reign of Henry VIII. is extraordinarily poor; but at the quarrel between Charles I. and the Parliament the narrative improves a little, though, considering the amount of material in Mr. S. R. Gardiner's volumes, it ought to be much better. For the reign of Charles II. we have little besides what is better told in Hallam's *Constitutional History* and Ranke's *History of England*, and this exceedingly interesting and difficult period is to our mind slurred over. At the end of the section on the Revolution we get a very short

* *History of the English Parliament; together with an Account of the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland.* By G. Barnett Smith. 2 vols. London, New York, Melbourne, and Sydney: Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co. 1892.

account of the Parliament of Scotland, and the Irish Parliament has a section given to it after the chapter on the reign of George III. From the beginning of the eighteenth century, Lord Stanhope, Mr. Lecky, and Erskine May, to call the late Lord by the name most familiar to us, seem to be Mr. Barnett Smith's chief guides. Indeed, in places the very words that he uses can be found in Stanhope's *History*. It would really seem as if they had been picked out of it, here a couple and there half a dozen. How hardly he leans on Mr. Lecky we have already seen. His book goes down to the last Extension of the Franchise, and the subsequent Redistribution and Registration Acts, and ends with an appendix of documents, notes, and lists. The volumes are well got up, and contain several interesting facsimiles.

NOVELS.*

IN spite of the many clever sketches and epigrammatic sayings scattered up and down the pages of *From One Generation to Another*, Mr. Merriman's latest book is as inferior to *Prisoners and Captives* as *Paradise Regained* is to *Paradise Lost*. The steady grip of his subject and the wonderful self-restraint and concentration which characterized the former story and made it remarkable are absolutely lacking in his last novel. He does not even tell his tale with care, and all kinds of small contradictions and discrepancies mar his work. In Seymour Michael, the Indian soldier who sacrifices everything and every one to himself, Mr. Merriman has attempted to portray a man whose real personality he does not clearly conceive. Consequently the outlines appear dim to his readers and the general effect somewhat fantastic and theatrical. If, with all his selfishness and unscrupulousness, his secretiveness and relentless will, Mr. Merriman had been content to endow him with strong personal courage, the picture would have been intelligible and consistent. But, unluckily, he has striven for originality, and made Michael a coward, although it was simply impossible that the man should have risen to the position he did if once he had drunk of the milk of the white doe. Soldiers will forgive many vices in their leaders; but they will neither forgive nor forget that. Then, again, Mrs. Agar, as he has described her, was not at all the sort of woman to cherish, even for a short time, a passion of hate for the man who had jilted her for a richer woman, and who had allowed her, for his own ends, to believe the report of his death. Still less is it likely that her hatred would be impressed indelibly on the effeminate nature of her unborn child. She was weak and small all through, and mortification and spite were all she was capable of feeling. Hatred is a passion that implies some steadiness of character, and Mrs. Agar had none. Her own ease, a moderate amount of excitement, and her son's welfare, were all she cared for, and it is doubtful whether she could ever have gained and kept the affection of a slow, honest, tenacious, boy like her step-child Jem. Jem, whose temperament was as uncomplex as well could be, is extremely natural and attractive, and so is Dora Glynde, the girl he is in love with. Mr. Merriman is at his best when dealing with people who are straightforward and single-minded, hence Jem's lonely soldiering among the Ghoorkas on the edge of the Pamir has all the stamp of reality. Not so General Michael's shifts or dodges, or even the young Arthur Agar's womanish caprices.

The end of the story is melodramatic and absurd. All the characters are assembled in Mrs. Agar's Hertfordshire drawing-room, and Jem charges Michael with having (for the second time in his life) allowed a false report of death to stand, and taken advantage of it to send Jem on a dangerous mission, for which, even if successful, the real hero would get no credit; and also with having broken his word and suppressed the fact of his existence from Miss Glynde. Mrs. Agar denounces him as the false lover of her youth, and her son Arthur, seized with a paroxysm of inherited hate, chases him into the garden and strangles him before any one can interfere. It might be expected that some awkwardness would ensue; but their minds seem quite set at ease by a doctor, who was present, declaring that Arthur was unconscious of what he had done, and would probably soon come to himself. Mr. Merriman has a way of always referring to a very unnecessary and conventional person as "Sister Cecilia." Why can he not leave the poor woman her courtesy title without the inverted

commas, as he would have done had she been Lady Cecilia?—these little repetitions are apt to become irritating. Then, considering that he is always referring to the facts, it is strange that he does not settle for good and all the respective ages of the two brothers, instead of perpetually contradicting himself on this point. In vol. i. p. 156 he makes Jem say, "Arthur is twenty-three—five years younger than myself," and in vol. ii. p. 15, Arthur himself informs Michael that "he is not twenty-one yet." In vol. i. p. 94 we are told that old Squire Agar had been "three years and more beneath the quiet turf" before Jem, still "under age" (p. 219) went to India; yet Jem, when, by his own confession, twenty-eight (vol. i. p. 156) declares to Michael that "his father died three years ago" (vol. i. p. 153). He further considers that a young lady can "do a season" and be home by the end of May, and he mixes up the Soirée of the Royal Academy with the Private View, and announces its taking place in the early days of the same month. These are small blemishes, but they are unworthy of Mr. Merriman, who has a capacity for better work. It would, however, be ungenerous to close any review of him without referring to some of the epigrams scattered up and down his pages, which are things we shall remember. "Mrs. Glynde's somewhat old-fashioned Christianity was of that school which seeks to depreciate by hook or by crook the enjoyment of those sparse goods that the gods send us." (This was the school to which the Fairchild family belonged.) "Railway Companies and women are by many looked upon as fair game for deception. Consciences tender in many other respects have a subtle contempt for these two exceptions." "More men come to grief by making too much love than too little." This last is excellent, and is worthy of a place in the sacred pages of La Rochefoucauld.

If Mrs. Barrington had continued *Lena's Picture* on the same level as that on which she opens it, she would have done a very masterly piece of work. The description of the Prevost household, with the terrible shadow of madness always hanging over it—with a little sister already in an asylum, and the mother carried there soon after the story begins—is simple and true, and told without fine language or exaggeration. The *motif* of the book, too, is of terrible interest to many. Should any one marry who has beyond a doubt madness existing in his family? Of course the answer is clear enough to those who are in no ways concerned, or at a moment when even the sufferers have no reason for pleading specially. So at sixteen and twenty-four Lena Prevost and her brother George determine to lead a life of loneliness. It is two years later before George's resolution is tried, and he silently accepts his fate, and three years after Lena's own temptation comes. In the sad, dreary days after Mrs. Prevost has been removed to the asylum, Lena is forcibly taken possession of by her neighbour, Lady Lovat, who, basking in prosperity herself, is overcome by pity for the lonely girl. Mrs. Barrington has not quite succeeded in making us grasp Lady Lovat's charm. She is intended to be the exact opposite of Lena, and to be a creature of radiant brightness, morally, mentally, and intellectually, but she is really only a name—or rather, a conversation—and talks too much and too frequently of her happiness for a person that is truly happy. However, she and her husband, Sir Bernard—described rather unkindly by Mrs. Barrington as "a magnificent Englishman, bright-coloured, splendid"—insist on taking Lena, who is very musical, to worship at Bayreuth. On their way they meet with a friend, Lord Brampton (his "style and title" are perhaps a little too suggestive), and his travelling companion, the artist, Gustave Allbrecht—why does Mrs. Barrington give her hero such a very awkward name? Then follow pages of talk about Wagner and art, when everybody waxes exceedingly eloquent and extremely long. We have all had experience of late years of how people, when their blood is up, can hold forth about Wagner, and non-musical folks have sometimes been driven to wish that they too might go to Bayreuth, so as to see if they would act differently from the common herd. But, no doubt, this presumption would be fitly punished! It is on their return from a performance of *Tristan und Isolde* that Allbrecht discloses his love to Lena, and she confesses hers. Then the remembrance of the past sweeps over her, and she retracts her vows, and rushes away. The rest of the book is occupied in the discussion of the great problem by various combinations of peoples—Will she, or will she not? It must be allowed that here, at the crucial moment, Mrs. Barrington hardly rises equal to the occasion. She fails to impress us with the awful solemnity of the issues at stake, but rather contrives unconsciously to make her readers feel as if there was something morbid in Lena's persistent refusal. When, on the morning following Allbrecht's proposal, she tells him the whole story of the family tragedy, Mrs. Barrington observes, by way of comment on her narrative, "The moment she touched on their

* *From One Generation to Another*. By H. S. Merriman. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1892.

Lena's Picture. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 2 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1892.

Jane Field. By Mary E. Wilkins. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

Chequered Courtship. By A. A. Gore. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

Nilus. Da due Signore. London: Truslove & Shirley. 1892.

trouble the feeling came back that she herself belonged to it, and it alone; that she must bear her burden, or she was dividing herself from those who needed her love and pity most, and that if she was to be ill, she would suffer." This, too, is the light in which Allbretcht views it; for he answers that he quite sees her point, but wishes to add something to her life by sharing her trouble. One does not, of course, expect a young girl to say bluntly to her lover, "We have no right to pass on this curse to our children"; but her brother, whom Lena writes to consult, would have put the case strongly, instead of telling her that she must decide for herself; and, what is still more curious, the fact is never mentioned even by the Lovats in their most private conversations. But Lena remains deaf to all Allbretcht's entreaties, and goes home to solitude, and in a short time to death. Her figure is natural and sympathetic, and so is that of her brother George; the others are a shade conventional and hazy. Yet, after all, the book is in most respects above the average. Mrs. Barrington should, however, pay a little more attention to her style. She is too fond of repeating the same word, and her sentences sometimes have a clumsy ring.

There is no need to introduce Miss Wilkins to the British public. She has already a large circle of admirers, and another of haters, composed of the people who are interested in "the day of small things," and the people to whom such details are a weariness. *Jane Field* is longer than the other little stories which have made her name familiar, otherwise it deals with the same characters that we all know so well. Miss Wilkins's heroines are always drawn from the byways of existence, and have mostly no graces of form or feature to fascinate the eye. Here the tale groups itself round three or four old women, all rough, uneducated, and unattractive, according to our superficial ideas, but each one absolutely different, and with a strong personality of her own. Strongest of all is that of Jane Field herself, who deliberately, for the sake of her consumptive daughter, personated her dead sister and gained her inheritance, only to find herself regarded with horror by the very person for whom she had sinned. Miss Wilkins has touched a true chord when she makes Jane Field decline every small lie that her position forces on her, even while she is living a great one; she also shows her observation of the credit and debtor account kept by humanity towards its own conscience, when she describes Jane Field as declining to profit, even in her starvation, by the large stores that she finds in the house, and eagerly assenting to the requests for furniture that come from the rapacious Mrs. Maxwell, whose daughter is the defrauded heiress. Many little episodes can be found throughout the book, each telling its own tale of the stubborn, unyielding New England pride, of which no man can say if it is a vice or a virtue, and none is more humorous and more pathetic than this same Mrs. Maxwell's conduct when she first hears, at a tea-party at her own house, of her daughter's elopement. Another curious trait, which has nowhere its parallel in England, is the extraordinary love of dress manifested by these old women, and their contempt of any one so very much out of the fashion as Amandy Pratt was, in the muslin wrapper with "the shoulder-seams pretty long to what they wear 'em." Were the ladies who came over in the *Mayflower*, we wonder, so much more particular as to the fall of their Vandyke collars and the set of their dove-coloured garments than the wives of the cavaliers at home were about their gay clothes, or whence has this marked difference arisen? One thing is certain about Miss Wilkins, she blows her trumpet with no uncertain sound, and the notes are either music to the ear or a discord. There is no middle way.

It is difficult to conceive of any "courtship" less "chequered" than one in which a young lady accepts a proposal, and four or five months afterwards marries the gentleman, with nothing intervening except a threat of ejection from her father, which was never carried out, in consequence of his sudden death. To be sure the lover in question, Werner Spengel, had a wife living at the time he first met Winifred Newman, and occasionally his conscience prevents him from seeking a meeting with that young lady; but the inconvenient wife soon dies, and there is nothing to hinder him from following his own will. There is something so very artless about Miss Gore's novel that it almost disarms criticism. On p. 102 Winifred receives an offer from a man who appears before the reader for the first and last time, which is probably the very mildest ever recorded, notwithstanding the fact that the man managed to kiss her twice in spite of her refusal of him. This young lady has many lovers, though she is neither a beauty nor a heiress, and answers the offer of one of them on a postcard, saying she will think over it. This must be damping to the affections of the most fervid swain. For the rest, the novel, whose scene is laid in Hamburg, is full of the usual musical talk, and of Wagner. The incidents are both bald and tame, and the language reads more like a literal translation from

the German; phrases such as "made his greeting be dignified," "the so recently resolute worker" being of common occurrence. Miss Gore frequently uses the word "tasteful," which is hardly to be considered classic, and enlarges on the "extreme yet delightful dresses of the ladies" (p. 228) with all the gusto of a newspaper reporter. But should not such a devout Wagnerian be aware that any couple foolish enough to go to Bayreuth in the month of March, in the expectation of seeing Wagner's performances, would have their journey for nothing?

The "Due Signore" are eminently up to date in Egyptian discoveries, as is proved by their tale *Nilus*. Whether, however, it was worth while taking the trouble to weave ghosts, a murder, and two or three love stories (all told in a manner so deadly flat as to take every bit of excitement out of them) into a series of quotations from Mr. Budge, Mariette Bey, Maspero, Belzoni, Flinders Petrie, Strabo, Pliny, Herodotus, and many more may be doubted. The same results could be obtained by reading Baedeker. Reprinted at the end is Mr. Stuart Poole's short notice in the *Academy* of Miss Amelia Edwards.

MORE ABOUT WILD NATURE.*

THE success of Mrs. Brightwen's fresh and unaffected *Wild Nature Won by Kindness* has led her to repeat her experiment, and we have here a new volume of confidential hints about natural history, such as cannot fail to please the readers of that very popular little volume. Mrs. Brightwen has nine or ten new pets to tell us about, and their adventures are no less amusing than those of her earlier friends. Katie the shrew, Ruby the red-pole, Mungo the ichneumon, Impey the fox-bat, Joey the kestrel, Sylvia the wood-mouse, and Pixie the starling, form the principal stars in this new troupe, and about each of them Mrs. Brightwen has something engaging to tell us. We like Mungo best of all, and the chapter which is called "The Sorrows of a Lady afflicted with a Mongoose" is one of the most amusing that the author has written. The mongoose or ichneumon is most widely known, probably, in connexion with the story of the man who was carrying his wife's box home in a handbox, but the difference is that Mrs. Brightwen's was a "real mongoose." It was (and we trust is) a very lively grey-furred quadruped with a chocolate-coloured nose, most affectionate manners, and great want of tact in dealing with the furniture. If his mistress was ever tempted by his coo-my-doo ways to loosen his collar in the drawing-room, he was up on the cabinets in a moment, making hay with the Wedgwood vases. "I had," says the lady sadly, "what would be called 'a lively time' for the next few minutes, until I had Mungo safely in my lap with the chain on his collar again." If he were ever chained to a tree-stem in the garden, he would always, within five minutes, have dragged his serpent-shaped head through the collar, and be digging up a large area of turf, or scaring the poultry, or smashing valuable china, and all in sheer expenditure of energy, being the most amiable, and the most sweet-tempered of unquenchable firebrands.

Impey, the fox-bat, should have acted the part of the King of the Antipodes, in *Chrononhotontologos*. His mistress, like the Queen in that play, "realized the difficulty of loving anything that would always live upside down," for the gentle Impey was never discovered doing anything but hanging to branches by his hind-feet. Katie the shrew was a cannibal, neither more nor less, for what she liked best was to devour dead field-mice, careless of their close relationship to herself. These pretty, but irascible, little beings are very hard to tame; but nothing resists Mrs. Brightwen, and Katie has learned to know her name, and come when she is called. Mrs. Brightwen gives some graceful notes of the way in which, as a child, she herself gained her remarkable knowledge of nature and still more unique success in winning the hearts of animals:—

"When I was a little girl I used to rise at six o'clock, and taking Polly [a handsome green and orange parrot] on my wrist, away I went bridle in hand out into the fields, where my pet donkey would come to meet me. The bridle would soon be adjusted, and "we two," Polly and I, enjoy our early canter through the dewy grass. I needed no saddle, from long practice I had learned to ride securely sitting sideways and holding a lock of Shaggy's woolly coat. . . . The tiny feet of the donkey made no sound on the grass, so I could watch the habits of wild creatures to great advantage. For instance, on skirting the banks of the river Mole, which ran through our fields, I used to see kingfishers perched on branches close to the water with eye intent upon their finny prey; the brown water-rats sitting up like little kangaroos cleaning their fur; a water-hen with stealthy tread picking

* More about *Wild Nature*. By Mrs. Brightwen. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

her way amongst the reeds. . . . After his ride Polly would be placed on a tall tulip-tree, where he loved to sit all day, occasionally calling out, to the astonishment of passers-by, "Poll the king's trumpeter, root-ti-too-too-too."

We can but indicate the charming details to be found in this book with regard to the playfulness and complete docility of a kestrel, and the chapter which tells us of the sentimentality of a rose-pastor. A second section of the volume deals with "Inmates of the Grove," outdoor pensioners of Mrs. Brightwen, such as Highland kyloes, "rather too bulky to be petted," as she says, but susceptible of much intelligent observation, a donkey of rare gifts, foxes—regarding whom Mrs. Brightwen is, perhaps, a little heterodox—squirrels, and the whole army of hungry birds. One very interesting and very novel chapter is dedicated to "Foot-prints in the Snow," and is illustrated by exact facsimiles of the marks left in winter by a variety of animals and birds. This is, perhaps, the portion of *More about Wild Nature* which offers the most positive addition to general knowledge.

The remainder of the book is occupied with useful hortatory notes on the mode in which impressions of nature should be recorded, and on a variety of home recreations, connected with natural history, which can be easily and advantageously cultivated, such as the creation of home museums, the studying of insects, and the like. It is especially in reference to this portion of the volume that *More about Wild Nature*, in a graceful preface, is dedicated to Professor Sir William Flower. Mrs. Brightwen has gained in ease and elegance, as a writer, since we first had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, and has lost none of that freshness which was the feature of her earlier venture. We believe that *More about Wild Nature*, with its happy philosophy and its genial teachings, will be a useful addition to many a country book-room.

CAIRO.*

MR. LANE POOLE has done well to gather these "sketches" into a volume which will prove most useful to the innumerable travellers who now every winter visit the Nile valley. Cairo has a prior claim on their attention, but this is the first book, unless we are greatly mistaken, which is devoted to the "Victorious City" alone. A number of Mr. Seymour's beautiful drawings, as well as other illustrations, are a great set-off to the volume. Mr. Poole hardly does justice to the improvements which have recently been made in the railway department when he complains that the carriages are exactly "like those of England thirty years ago"; but in one particular we must agree with him. He says of the guards, porters, ticket-collectors, and station-masters, that they closely "resemble their European contemporaries, except that they are less expeditious and infinitely more civil." He is behind the times, too, when he speaks of paying for lunch on the journey in francs. Egyptian shillings have now for some years superseded francs.

Mr. Poole has a most ardent love for the signs of antiquity which were so obnoxious to the ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha. "The arrival of visitors for the extravagant festivities that celebrated the opening of the Suez Canal" presented an irresistible opportunity for using "the Viceregal paint-pot." Irreparable harm was done to the old buildings on that occasion. The Turks, says Mr. Poole, with just indignation, cannot create, but they can spoil; "and it is hard to know which deserves the greater damnation, their neglect or their restoration of the monuments of Cairo." People who do not themselves use strong language may be glad to read these words and others employed by Mr. Poole. The views he gives of the older mosques are accurate and picturesque. That of the curious tower, or "mibkhara," of the mosque erected by the mad Khalif, Hakem, is especially good, but it is only one of many which we might pause to praise. Mr. Poole is anxious to be very accurate in the names and titles of the Mamluk kings. Each of them had a royal title, then an honourable surname. Then came a patronymic followed by the proper name, and the whole concluded with a reference to the Sultan who had brought this particular Mamluk into Egypt. Every visitor to Cairo will remember to have seen scores of monuments, of more or less beauty and importance, in what is known as the Eastern Cemetery. The ornamentation of each of these largely consists of inscriptions, often written in the most complicated characters, and containing long lists of titles such as those mentioned above. Each of these tombs was built in the lifetime of the Sultan who proposed to be buried in it, but a great majority, killed on the battlefields of Syria, found no other burial than the maws of jackals and vultures; and nothing remains but some half-defaced

inscription on one of the small mosques to record that it was built by, say, "Al Sultan al Malek al Mansour Husam al Deen Abou al Feth Lagin al Mansoury," or words to that effect. Mr. Poole, on page 99, gives a wonderful example of what he calls a geometrical Kufic inscription of this sort. The chapter on the Museum of Arab Art will be found particularly valuable by visitors to Cairo, who too often neglect this most important collection because there is no published guide or catalogue. "Our French friends," says Mr. Poole, "who are so fond of twitting us with our supposed trick of whittling our names on the monuments of Egypt (where the biggest and most glaring are always French), are the chief spoilers of Cairo." We cannot quite agree with Mr. Poole in this sweeping condemnation of the French. It is quite true that they have defaced more monuments in this way than all the English and Americans put together; but the worst examples all over Egypt of these inscriptions are owed to the Greek commercial travellers who voyage up the Nile, leaving their marks everywhere. One anecdote of Mr. Poole's is, however, nearly enough to account for his antipathy to the French methods of improving Cairo. "If we ask," he says, "who was the Goth who cut a great square piece out of the Mosaics of the mosque of Bars Bey in the Eastern Cemetery, the door-keeper will amaze us by answering that it was the enlightened Mariette, the denouncer of English tourists, who ruined the Mosaics in order to send an objet to the Paris Exposition."

Passing by a most interesting chapter on the daily life of "The Cairene," we come to one entitled "The Revels of Islam," in which we have a full account, by a writer who thoroughly understands what he is writing about, of the Moulid al Neby, the Doseh, the procession of the Holy Carpet, and the Eed al Kebeer. These are things little understood by the ordinary tourist, and the succeeding chapter on "Education and Religion" helps to fill up the outline. The chapter on the Copts will also, notwithstanding Mr. Butler's book, which told us so much that was new, be found full of information. Mr. Poole mentions the numerous Coptic settlements in other parts of Egypt. There are few things in which the British occupation has wrought a greater change than in the position and conditions of the Copts throughout Egypt. Even so lately as the time of Lady Duff Gordon they were downtrodden and degraded to such an extent that she has hardly ever a good word for them. At the present day the Copt is not afraid to hold up his head; his superior education influences his position, and many travellers report that it is easy to recognize a village as Coptic, on account of its neatness and comparative look of prosperity. After a short visit to Memphis Mr. Poole settles down to a long dissertation on the fellahs, and concludes with a chapter on "England's Work in Egypt," which is calculated to encourage the advocates of a continued occupation.

THEORIES OF THE UNIVERSE.*

MR. GORE'S new book is decidedly interesting. It deals in turns with cosmogony and cosmology, and both subjects possess the charm of dim grandeur attaching to what is remote, colossal in scale, and almost, or altogether, unknown. We are, accordingly, presented with a series of chapters on the various theories at sundry times put forward, to account for the origin and apparent distribution of the worlds around us. The line pursued with regard to them is expository, not critical. Much information is afforded as to their purport, little as to their intrinsic value. Mr. Gore's attitude is, indeed, professedly neutral. His object is not to enunciate ideas of his own, but to interpret to his readers the ideas of other people. Necessarily, however, he has selected such as, in his opinion, merited interpretation; and selection is in itself a kind of criticism. Thus, he rightly passes by in silence the paradoxical speculations of those too numerous clever blockheads who, without the capacity or the wish to inquire, complacently maintain against all comers that their particular key alone fits the lock of the universe. Some other omissions are less justifiable. Professor G. H. Darwin's theory of the moon's origin, for instance, might well have claimed prominent notice, as including a much larger element of probable truth than the somewhat damaged hypothesis of ring-shedding through combined rotation and condensation. For in it the necessary effects of "tidal friction" in the moulding and development of systems were first definitely traced out and tested by mathematical analysis; and tidal friction constitutes, perhaps, the most important addition ever yet made to the

* *Cairo: Sketches of its History, Monuments, and Social Life.* By Stanley Lane Poole. London: Virtue. 1892.

* *The Visible Universe: Chapters on the Origin and Construction of the Heavens.* By J. Ellard Gore, F.R.A.S. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1893.

resources of cosmogonists. To this mode of action Mr. T. J. J. See, in his remarkable extension to binary stars of Professor Darwin's research, attributes the high eccentricities of the paths pursued by them, an increase of length relative to breadth being an undeniable accompaniment of the enlargement of orbits by tidal friction. Tidal friction, moreover, must have exerted enormous power over bulky, diffuse, and nearly equal masses revolving in very close proximity, such as the spectroscope asserts to be actually existing, and may be plausibly conjectured to exemplify the initial state of physically double stars. Their primitive unity, if this were so, is next to certain; and, indeed, origin by fission seems to have played at least as important a part in the development of the cosmos as origin by annular separation.

The nebular hypothesis, however, may be looked at from a general as well as from a particular point of view. It professes to explain the gradations of sidereal metamorphosis, on the one hand, and the domestic architecture of the solar system, on the other. Sir William Herschel concerned himself with the first set of facts, Laplace with the second. Herschel, from the evidence solely of his stellar and nebular observations, maintained all the stars to have been formed out of a shining fluid still diffused through vast tracts of space, and still in course of transformation into orbs of light. And the truth of his bold generalization has been practically demonstrated by the revelations of the spectroscope and the camera. Laplace, on the contrary undertook to expound the mode of transformation of diffused primordial matter into the rotating and revolving globes constituting the solar system, but did not look beyond. His scheme was most skilfully devised; nothing so seductively complete can at present be substituted for it, and one is loth to abolish what cannot be replaced. Yet it must be admitted that the processes carried out in nature cannot have conformed, even approximately, to those prescribed to her by the French geometer. An impartial account of how the case stands will be found in the work before us. The late M. Roche's ingenious expedients for propping up the Laplacean edifice, already in the sixties canonaded and crumbling; M. Faye's more recent onslaught; M. Wolf's careful discussion and somewhat hesitating conclusions, are all briefly, yet intelligibly, touched upon.

Our author devotes a considerable proportion of his space to the details of hypotheses regarding the structure of the Milky Way. The subject is one of profound interest to every student of the heavens and suggests endless secondary problems. Even the "general reader" should welcome the information afforded to him in Mr. Gore's pages as to how it has presented itself to minds of various stamp and calibre, from Wright of Durham to the late Mr. Proctor. In a certain sense, its solution may be said to have become more difficult with the progress of science. The original "disc-theory," propounded by Wright in 1750, was more satisfactory, relatively to what was then known of the state of the skies, than any of the more elaborate views, by which the manifold data now at hand are sought to be combined and reconciled. But the appearances to which it had seemed to correspond were very superficially apprehended; Herschel's early attempts to penetrate their deeper meaning proved fatal to the first synthetic grasp hastily laid upon them; and the disc-theory had to be resolutely, if perhaps regretfully, abandoned. Its definiteness and engaging simplicity, however, gave it a false vitality which long survived its logical demise, yet might well, by this time, have become totally extinct. Mr. Gore, nevertheless, speaks of this effete conjecture as if it still enjoyed a certain degree of credit. He himself, it is true, discards it, expressly stating that he "believes it to be quite untenable"; but he does not give it strongly enough to be understood that no one commanding the use of reason, and a fair general acquaintanceship with the facts of modern stellar astronomy, could possibly maintain the zone of the Milky Way to represent the visual effect of an extended stratum of equally distributed stars, seen from the inside.

He evidently, however, possesses the great advantage of an unbiassed mind; his judgments, so far as they gain expression, are moderate and reasonable; and he neither caters for popularity nor strains after effect. His book has, accordingly, a serious value as a contribution towards the history of astronomical thought. The illustrations are excellent. They include reproductions of Mr. Barnard's wonderful Milky Way photographs, of Mr. Roberts's photographs of nebulae, and of the Paris photographs of clusters, besides some delicately executed drawings by the author himself. An appendix collects sundry useful facts and formulæ. We may, in conclusion, quote the result of Mr. Gore's calculation relative to the situation of the sun in space during past geological ages. He is now travelling away from a point in the vicinity of Sirius, at the probable rate of about 440 millions of miles per annum. Ten million years ago, then, supposing this

velocity and direction to have remained without change, and Sirius to figure as a fixed point, he was far enough on the other side of that brilliant orb to reduce its light, on arrival after a journey of 758 light-years, at our then inchoate luminary, nearly to the feebleness of that of a ninth-magnitude star! Truly, time and space are strangely correlated.

THE GREAT WAR OF 189-.

IT has, we believe, been observed that the grocer's apprentice can be cured of a taste for figs by one unlimited debauch. If there is, as the editor and publisher manifestly continue to feel persuaded, a class of readers who have a disorderly taste for Battles of Dorking, we strongly recommend their friends to make them a Christmas present of *The Great War of 189-*. Should this volume not produce the desired effect of curative satiety, their case may be given up as hopeless. The authors (they are seven—an admiral, a colonel, a captain, and four special correspondents) have toiled to produce a complete, final, and exhaustive specimen of the kind. They have let it all go in, from Bulgaria to New Caledonia, war-balloons, torpedoes, electric-lights, lance-rifles—no expense has been spared. At the end the reader is even supplied with ready-made criticism in the shape of two interviews, specially produced for the occasion, with Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Charles Dilke. We desire to speak with becoming respect of the cooks of this noble feast. The correspondents claim our first thanks. They are excellent. They talk about their emotions, dinners and cigars, the affability of distinguished persons to them; they say that the censure will not allow them to say anything, and they draw pictures of themselves running up hills on all fours, just like real correspondents in a real war. The three warrior cooks are also entitled to our gratitude. Admiral Colomb supplies a carefully prepared example of his famous naval threat. He shows how an English fleet, which had nothing to do with the matter, simply told the naughty French and Russians that they must go home without thinking about attacking the Germans, and how they obeyed. We were not yet at war, but this was just to show that we were Sir Oracle. Whether Sir George Tryon will be pleased with the battle he fights near Sardinia we do not know. It strikes us as much more in the style of Hotham than the style of Nelson. Perhaps careful study of strategy, and much deferential consideration of the naval threat, leads to the fighting of battles à la Hotham. The military gentlemen also provide a glorious feast. How they divide the slaughter does not appear. We are left to draw our deductions from the conflicting views expressed. Thus, on p. 183 we are told that the German line had a marked superiority over the French "clumps," and that the Germans, generally speaking, were ahead—while on p. 274 we find the German line called a pedantic folly, a "slave-driver's discipline," calculated to excite the contempt of the veterans of the Wilderness and Gettysburg. This individuality of the cooks gives a pleasing variety to the feast. The illustrations, which have already done duty in *Black and White*—in which the *Great War* first appeared—are numerous. On the cover is a design appropriate to the season. It represents, if we are not mistaken, a policeman setting fire to a plum-pudding—a pleasing scene of domestic felicity, but surely not quite so appropriate to the subject as to the time of year.

THE VICTORIAN AGE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.†

THE new literary history of the last fifty years which Mrs. Oliphant, in conjunction with her son, has written is, in some ways, a complement, and in others a palinode, to that other history of the English literature immediately preceding which she wrote some years ago. It is agreeable and reconciling to see the attempts that she has made to adjust—as in the case of Peacock—her former verdicts to the protests of respectful but dissident criticism. We are not, indeed, too certain that what Mrs. Oliphant proposed to do is possible to be done. We agree *simpliciter* with the opening sentence of her preface:—"It is always somewhat rash to attempt to determine the final place in literature of contemporary writers." It is true that the examples produced in support are not quite conclusive. For, in reference to the mistakes of former generations, it is written:—"Looking

* *The Great War of 189-: a Forecast.* By Admiral P. Colomb, Colonel Maurice, R.A., Captain F. N. Maude, A. Forbes, C. Lowe, D. Christie Murray, and F. Scudamore. London: Heinemann. 1893.

† *The Victorian Age of English Literature.* By Mrs. Oliphant and F. R. Oliphant, B.A. 2 vols. London: Percival.

back upon the past age, the reader smiles, if he sometimes shudders, to see Davenant or Congreve placed above Shakspeare, the age of Anne regarding as barbarous the age of Elizabeth, and, in nearer days, Southey placed on an equality with Byron and Wordsworth." Of these three, the last only is a complete instance of strictly contemporary judgment, whether mistaken or not. Still there is truth, though not the whole truth, in the general axiom, though we should prefer to state it in a somewhat different way. A general survey of contemporary literature is rash, because it is so exceedingly difficult to know whom to include and whom to exclude. On the *sommités* of any particular period we do not believe that competent contemporary judges have ever gone very far wrong. As far as we know anything about Homer, there does not seem to have been much mistake made about Homer; there certainly was none made about Dante; it has been proved up to the hilt, though a still popular tradition runs contrary, that there was very little about Shakspeare. We who write, while experiencing not the slightest desire to shout and gesticulate about any of the three, trouble ourselves no more about the final fate of Tennyson, of Hugo, of Heine, than we do about the multiplication table. But when you get into the second, and still more into the twelfth and twenty-second, circles, the contemporary critic in a small space is in a real difficulty. His brother, who deals with former ages, knows nothing like it. He looks at his authors, he notes the traditional judgment, he considers whether there is anything to redress in it. Sometimes he thinks there is, and he does his best. Much more often, if he has a tolerably well-balanced mind, he finds that there is little to alter, though perhaps something to add, and fill in, and illustrate; and he knows how to allot his pages and lines with a pretty fair certainty of doing no injustice. The contemporary critical historian, as distinguished from the contemporary critic of work as it appears, is torn with doubts and difficulties. "A has been desperately unpopular: I like him: may I set my liking against the general verdict?" "B has sold x thousand copies; am I justified in saying that there is nothing in him?" "C did good work yesterday, is doing work less good to-day, may I do work better than ever to-morrow: on what footing am I to treat him?" These are the nobler considerations, and the ignobler are not wanting. "Z is an uncommonly good friend of mine; shall I not praise him?" "Y is a perfect brute; am I to yield to the opportunity of 'telling him his fact,' or, going into the opposite extreme, shall I let my natural quixotism induce me to speak of him better than he deserves?" "X may review me to-morrow; shall I give him a good place?" "W is certain, whether I speak well or ill of him, to speak ill of me; shall I disable him beforehand?" Such and much more also is the army of spectres that beleaguers the walls of this particular Prague.

Mrs. Oliphant and her son, however, have chosen to defy the spectres, and they have by the defiance produced an interesting book. It omits few writers of any importance, and it at least endeavours to allot the *mot juste* to each of them. That the standpoint of the criticism is, on the whole, rather that of the intelligent and cultivated layman than of the trained censor may be rather an advantage than otherwise. For we have got into an epoch where the apparently trained critic has sometimes no training at all, and though he can hardly deceive his fellows who have had a different experience, he deceives the outsider dreadfully. Mrs. Oliphant and her son play cards on table. They say in effect, "We are both, we trust, decently educated and intelligent people; one of us is not exactly the least among men and women of letters; and here is what we think about other men and women of letters." We have seen books, and critical books, conceived on a worse scheme than this.

It is, therefore, in no hostile spirit that we venture to point out a few things which want rectification as fact or which surprise us as opinion. We take no very lofty view of Leigh Hunt, and when a recent writer described him as "a noble fellow," we could only suppose that it was either "his f-f-f-f-fun" or that his own idea of nobility is a little peculiar. But we do not think that it is fair to charge Hunt with "enduring spite." The weakness as well as the amiability of his character saved him from that. It is an oversight, though, of course, only an oversight, to speak of "that curious and unlovely compiler of material for history, Henry Greville," when Charles is evidently meant. There was nothing unlovely about Henry. A notice of Borrow, which is not quite happy in fixing his real virtue, has a grievous omission in fact by not so much as mentioning *Wild Wales*. An estimate, very fair and very good on the whole, of Macaulay is marred by the omission to point out the real blot which his saner adversaries find in him. That blot is not inaccuracy of positive statement; it is a continual *suggestio falsi* from which the unlearned and ignorant can hardly escape. The more you examine the documents of any matter which

Macaulay has examined, the more do you admire his learning and his acuteness; but the more also do you shake your head over the impalpable unfairness, the subtle leading of the blind into the ditch, which marks him. In the too brief passage on Præd we come upon a statement which, as an enthusiastic Frenchman once remarked to us in reference to something about Victor Hugo, "nous a fait bondir." It is this:—"He is chiefly remembered, we fear, as the author of several very clever charades in graceful verse." Præd's charades are clever and their verse is graceful; but we can assure Mrs. Oliphant that most people known to us who know Præd at all never even think of him as a charade-writer, though they may know "The Vicar," and "Good-night to the Season," the "Letter of Advice," and "Verses on seeing the Sleeper Asleep," by heart. "No, we're sunk enough now, God knows! But not quite sunk," as Mr. Browning observed on a less provocative occasion. The notice of James Thomson is all the more unfortunately inadequate that it will probably encourage his undisciplined admirers to say, "Ignored of course," and that of Edward Fitzgerald is still worse. It is a grievous error to say that Mr. William Morris's "beginning of poetry was made with *The Life and Death of Jason*," in full pride of the academic traditions of youth." Mr. Morris was thirty-two when that excellent poem appeared; he had left Oxford for many years, and his beginning of poetry had been made eight years earlier, with the much more unripe, but, let who gainsay that will, much more promising and original *Defence of Guinevere*, in which there is uncommonly little academic tradition. The passages on modern novelists are piquant, but unequal. Without being a Meredithian à tous crins, one may be rather aghast at seeing Mr. Meredith dismissed with a dozen lines, which chiefly concern his verbal gymnastic, and mention only one of his books by name. And, however "unequal" we may think Mr. Stevenson, it is strange to say (after, it is true, high praise of some things of his) that others are "nearly as bad as anything that has recently appeared in print." To think of the badness of some things that have recently appeared is, as some, but not those who speak English, say, a "solemnizing" thought. Mr. Stevenson is a clever man, a very clever man, but all his nature, assisted by all his art, could not, we think, nearly reach it.

And now let us to the pleasanter task of drawing up a similar list of merits. Mrs. Oliphant has an amiable and very excusable tendency to logroll her fellow "Blackwoodsmen," as she fondly calls them, and this has resulted, in the case of Lockhart, in a far juster and acuter appreciation of that generally undervalued man of letters than we remember to have seen in any book of the kind. One phrase, "the natural melancholy of Lockhart's genius," does justice, which has rarely been done before, to a quality which constantly underlies, and may even be thought in some respect to have caused, the mordant cynicism of the "Scorpion's" style. The Carlyle section is also very good, literary, patriotic, and personal sympathies combining to make Mrs. Oliphant protest against the biographical mistakes or treachery which, as she fears, have produced "an impression not now to be effaced." But we believe that she takes too gloomy a view. There are at least seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal in this matter, and *Exoriare aliquis* who out of the seething mass of indiscretion and contradiction will some day extract a *Life* of Carlyle that will do him justice is no mere sanguine prayer. The Dickens sketch is good, and so is that of Thackeray, though it is news to hear that *The Hogarty Diamond* gave no particular foretaste of what was to come. Under the head of Mrs. Gaskell, to whom justice is done as to her original work, we note with satisfaction a second denunciation of that new terror, the indiscreet and disloyal biographer. It is again satisfactory to find stress laid in the notice of Anthony Trollope on the exaggeration and misconstruction of his own revelations as to his punctuality and regularity of work which have sometimes been current.

On the whole, therefore, we need speak no ill of the book. It was a very difficult, and perhaps a not very necessary, thing to do, and it has been done not without a good many slips and inadequacies. But it has also been done with fair knowledge, without, we think, any intentional, even if unconsciously intentional, unfairness, and in a way which will give the average unlitery person a very full and by no means untrustworthy conspectus of Victorian literature.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS'S ESSAYS.*

AT an age when we could read almost anything, from *Bell's Life* to the *Epigoniad*, one work entirely defeated us. It looked like a rather nice book; it contained conversations, but

* *Essays and Aphorisms*. By Sir Arthur Helps. London: Scott. 1892.

no! Ellesmere and Milburd, or Milverton, or some such name, were too tedious. The little volume before us contains extracts from the writings of Sir Arthur Helps, and a brief biography of a blameless and intellectual, but not very interesting, career. We are informed, in this sketch, that Sir Arthur Helps used to walk up and down, dictating his book, and smoking a cigarette. We are inclined to doubt whether the world will not let die volumes which are composed in this manner. It is also stated that, if Sir Arthur Helps could get a book he wanted in no other way, he would buy it. This, we trust, is not so rare a virtue—nay, to ourselves it seems that to buy a book is the first way of obtaining it that naturally occurs to the human mind, if indifferent honest. Were it not so, how could authors exist? They would perish if the public only begged, borrowed, or stole their productions.

As it is hardly worth while to review the good-humoured sagacities of Sir Arthur Helps's Essays—for, indeed, they are known to all who care for that kind of discussion—we prefer to meditate on his Aphorisms and pregnant sayings. English is not a good language for aphorisms; it lacks point and neatness, at least when compared with French; and while we can all write aphorisms, as we can all write sonnets, very few aphorisms are good. It is, then, no grave charge against Sir Arthur Helps that he is not precisely a Rochefoucauld; sometimes he is good. Any student of John Knox's writings will appreciate this:—"The religion of some sectarians consists in a definite notion of an infinite subject." Mr. Knox's notions were astonishingly definite; so were those of Mr. George Borrow, who points out, with infinite gusto, that God knew exactly where to hit Sir Walter Scott. But perhaps sectarians are not more remarkable for the definiteness of their ideas than many worthy people who can hardly be called sectarians. The following is not very brilliant:—"Those who never philosophized till they met with disappointments have mostly become disappointed philosophers." Then every philosopher has been a disappointed philosopher, whatever that phrase may exactly mean. "We always believe the clouds to be much higher than they really are, until we see them resting on the shoulders of the mountains." But they are higher when they are off the shoulders of the mountains. We might as well say that we always think a man's hat, on a hat-peg, much higher than it really is, till we see it resting on his head. "A friend is one who does not laugh when you are in a ludicrous position." Who can sympathize with such a friend? A friend is a man who may laugh without annoying you when you are in a ludicrous position. "He is one who ought to sympathize with you, and not with the multitude." But suppose you sympathize with the multitude, and laugh yourself? Then the grave friend seems to rebuke you for your want of humour. Nay, we might very well argue that the friend has a better right to laugh than other people. "The extreme sense of perfection in some men is the greatest obstacle to their success." Such men rather remind us of the gifted twins in *The Golden Butterfly*. "Few men have wished for memory so much as they have longed for forgetfulness," is, we think, an original sentiment attributed to Themistocles. In a long aphorism Sir Arthur Helps says that the names of the Pyramid-builders are unknown, and he calls them "brick-piling monarchs." Their names are perfectly well known:—

Cheops and Chephren

Were very bad men,

Mycerinus the pious died sooner,

says the poet. We call them Shu-fu, and Sha-fra, and Men-kara, and spell their titles in other ways; but their names are known, and they did not pile bricks. "They are more definite objects of contempt" now, as Sir Arthur Helps says they will be when their names are found out; but we are not disposed to damn them, as Charles Lamb did some one, "at a venture." "There is a want of refinement in the man who loves a parody." This is cruel if one loves a good parody but even too well. At least such a student has Aristophanes on his side, if Sir Arthur Helps is against him. "Alas, it is not the child, but the boy that generally survives in the man." So much the better for the man; would that the boy survived in more of them! The following puzzles us:—"It is not in the solar spectrum alone that the least warmth is combined with the deepest colour." Where is it, then?

These reflections do not over-stimulate; but they are easier reading than the discussions of Ellesmere and Dunsford.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VII.

THE new volume of *The Portfolio*, edited by P. G. Hamerton (Seeley & Co.), holds a foremost place, as usual, among the artistic gift-books of the season. Of the illustrations of this

handsome book we note some exceptionally fine etchings, such as Mr. William Hole's remarkable rendering of Rembrandt's portrait of himself in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna; Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn's "A Spanish Shepherd"; Mr. G. W. Rhead's "Violante," after Palma Vecchio's painting in the Vienna Gallery; Mr. C. O. Murray's interior, "St. Mark's, Venice," and "Over the Border," after Mr. McWhirter's picture; and, lastly, an example of "Etchings on the Clyde," by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, of whose skill and artistic qualities Mr. Hamerton writes an appreciative and critical review. Mr. Loftie's history of the Inns of Court, which runs through the volume from month to month, we have already discussed on its appearance as a separate book, together with Mr. Raiton's admirable drawings. For the rest, mention must be made of Mr. F. G. Stephens's excellent papers on Mr. Briton Rivière, illustrated by an imaginative drawing of "Midnight Assassins"—giraffes flying across the desert pursued by lions—and of capital illustrated articles on J. F. Lewis by Mr. Claude Phillips.

Vanity Fair Album exhibits this year an excellent gallery of portraiture, representing the statesmen, the judges, the "Men of the Day" of every degree of eminence and reputation. The description applied to the kind of caricature so diversely illustrated by these clever drawings is capable of a very varied interpretation, as may be exemplified by comparing the engaging "Lord Elcho," the wonderfully vivid and animated "Canon Ainger," or the exquisite picture of the Hon. George Curzon, with such entertaining examples of caricature, "drawn not unkindly but truthfully," as are presented in the portraits of Mr. Radcliffe Cooke, Mr. Seymour Keay, and Mr. J. W. Maclure. These last are, every whit, as profound and enlightening studies as any in the Album. The range of subjects the collection reveals is scarcely less remarkable than the artist's range of accomplishment. No more amusing and instructive volume has been produced this Christmas.

The new edition of *The Oregon Trail*, by Francis Parkman (Putnam's Sons), with illustrations by Frederick Remington, is got up in handsome style, and will move some to mournful memories of what has been and never more will be, now that the glory of wild life in the prairies has departed, and the last free Indians will soon follow the last free bison. It was in 1846 that Mr. Parkman struck the Oregon trail westward from Missouri across the Rockies. Now, as he says in his preface to the interesting record of that experience, "irresistible commonplace has subdued" all the old charms of a roaming life in the West. Happily, Mr. Remington has proved an admirable ally to the writer in preserving the picturesque aspects of that life. His drawings are wonderfully suggestive. It were superfluous to add a word to Mr. Parkman's terse commendation of the artist's pictures. They are "as full of truth as of spirit." Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's *Play in Provence* (Fisher Unwin) is a cheerful and sunshiny chronicle of a holiday tour spent in the country of Mistral, and Daudet, and Zola, and comprises some exceedingly vivid descriptions of Nîmes, Avignon, Tarascon, Arles, and of old places less known to tourists, such as Martigues, and Saintes-Maries, with its quaint feast. Mrs. Pennell's vivacious account of Martigues should of itself set every reader agog for the journey, though there is a world of enticement in Mr. Pennell's brilliant drawings. The artist, indeed, has never done better work than these very clever and sparkling vignettes of Provençal cities. This year's *Art Annual* (*Art Journal*) is devoted to the "Life and Work of Hubert Herkomer, R.A.," of which Mr. W. L. Courtney is the appreciative recorder. This volume is very well illustrated, and contains a full account of the art school at Bushey. Mr. W. E. Cooke's *Haddon Hall Illustrated* (Philip & Son) contains fifty drawings of Dorothy Vernon's house, both within and without, and is a complete representation of its many picturesque features. A charming little gift-book is *At Sundown*, by J. G. Whittier (Longmans & Co.), with delightful illustrations by E. H. Garrett. The poetry is printed on one side of the paper only. The drawings, especially the landscape studies, are extremely pretty. Dr. O. W. Holmes's ballads *Dorothy Q.* and *The Boston Tea-Party* (Gay & Bird), illustrated by Howard Pyle, are among the poet's most characteristic writings, and welcome in any form. As here reproduced, with silver-edged paper and a binding in which silver prevails, they make a very dainty little book. We may also note a new edition of *Sir Roger de Coverley*, with Mr. Hugh Thomson's capital illustrations (Macmillan & Co.).

An old legend is freely adapted in Mr. Owen Wister's romance *The Dragon of Wantley* (Lippincott & Co.), wherein a certain knight plays an unknighly part as a sham dragon. The version, however, is not without humour, despite the spirit of modern pantomime which undoubtedly animates it, and Mr. John Stewardson's illustrations are clever and diverting. The humour of Mr.

A. B. Frost's facetious fables, *The Bull Calf; and other Tales* (Nimmo), is the humour of the American comic papers. It is somewhat primitive, in fact, and we shudder to think of the "tales" apart from Mr. Frost's spirited and amusing drawings. "The Humane Man and the Bull Calf," for example, is scarcely to be read aloud if you wish your audience to "smile any." But with Mr. Frost's racy pictures it is another matter. "Violet's Experience" may serve to illustrate the point. Violet is an untamed mule. Her owner puts up an iron man for her to kick at when tied up in the yard. The result is set forth in the brief dialogue of a nigger and the owner. "Ain' that yo' kicken muel Villet?" says the wondering nigger. "Dis yer," replies the other nigger, "my muel Villet, but she ain't a kicken muel no mo'! She's done had a 'perience." To taste the humour of this you must have Mr. Frost's drawing of the dejected mule before you.

Canon Atkinson's *Scenes in Fairyland* (Macmillan & Co.) is an excellent book for thoughtful and imaginative young people. There is a pleasant freshness of fancy in the adventures of Mr. Greenhead and Mary, and in all ways the book may be said to set forth a new and delightful world for the wonder and amusement of children. The illustrations are good. Mr. Frank Stockton's collected tales, *The Clocks of Rondaine; and other Stories* (Sampson Low & Co.), comprise new stories and old. "A Fortunate Opening" is a sea-yarn that shows the author's invention at its best, and the "Christmas Truants" is not less characteristic of his whimsical humour. The story of the bells and clocks of Rondaine has a useful moral. The last story of the volume, "The Great Show of Kobol-Land," we reviewed last year as a separate publication, though no note is appended by the publishers to indicate that it is now reprinted. As it is placed last in the set, readers may be induced to buy what they already possess and do not want. The date "1891" is on the title-page of *For King and Country; or, Kintail Place*, by Jane A. Nutt (Sonnenschein & Co.), a story of the fortunes of a Royalist family during the war in La Vendée. It is a well-imagined story, abounding in incident, and shows a careful and fairly persuasive use of historical material. But we cannot call it a new story, either on the evidence of the title or from our recollection, unless our memory serves us ill, of a story with a similar title, such as "Kintail Place," published, we think, a year or two ago. *Randall Davenant*, by Captain Claude Bray (Warne & Co.), is a tale of the Mahrattas during the romantic years of Clive's career in India. It is a stirring story, full of adventurous episodes, and reveals a careful study of history. Mr. Kirk Munroe, in his rousing story *Cab and Cahosse* (Putnam's Sons), tells of a boy's experience on American railroads, and incidentally provides suggestive material for timid travellers who propose to visit the States next year. Rodman Blake, the hero, performs wondrous feats of courage in times of emergency, and is a capital fellow from all points of view. But we share his surprise at hearing of the speed of one hundred miles an hour on American railways. Yet we are assured that by the time the Columbian Exposition is open, that rate of travelling will be achieved by the express on "our best stretches of road, such as the Pennsylvania, the Reading, and the New York Central." Mr. A. J. Mounteney-Jephson's *Stories Told in an African Forest* (Sampson Low & Co.) are genuine stories of life at Fort Bodo and other stations of central Africa, and of experiences of Mr. Stanley's exploration party. They are told by "grown-up children of Africa," and are just the kind of stories to entertain all sorts of children. Mr. Walter Buckley's illustrations are capital.

The Doctor of the "Juliet" (Methuen & Co.) is a sea story by Mr. Harry Collingwood, illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne, the hero of which is a young and totally inexperienced surgeon, who has the best of luck as befits the hero of a book for boys. He sets sail in a yacht as the medical adviser of the Earl of Exford—the owner—and passes through extraordinary perils with wondrous good spirits. He is carried off by a mutinous crew in the *Juliet* while the noble owner and his friends are enjoying shooting on the island called Saxenburg. He escapes one night, and fortune sends in his way a water-logged vessel, manned by an old seaman and a lovely young lady. This interesting party of three eventually get wrecked on an island off the North Australian coast. Then follows the usual course of events. Jack Hazlewood finds the mysterious skeleton, with the mysterious document referring to buried treasure, and, lastly, the treasure itself. The *Juliet* arrives at the island with her piratical crew, and is regained by Jack through the aid of certain penitent pirates who deplore their wicked life and would better themselves. Mr. Collingwood is a lively story-teller, whom we have known less conventional and more inventive in previous stories than in this. Mr. Lindsay Anderson writes in praise of the Mercantile Marine in the *Story of Allan Gordon* (Chapman & Hall), and well

may the mercantile service deserve the author's commendation. Yet there are matters in his story, which is, by the way, a very good story, that seem to us a trifle too rosy-hued and pleasant for curious and inquiring youth to contemplate. *Hearts of Oak*, by Dr. Gordon Stables (Shaw & Co.), is a story of the navy and of mighty Nelson, told with excellent spirit. The hero, strange to say, is no cocky Scotch boy, but English by birth, the son of an English officer, with no North British ancestors. Yet he does excellently well on shore and at sea, and is as good a hero as any that Dr. Stables has drawn. *The Robber Baron of Bedford Castle* (Nelson & Sons) is a story of England in the thirteenth century by the Rev. A. J. Foster and E. E. Cuthell. It is a lively story, with a well-laid plot and an effective, if rather stagey, villain, the renowned Sir Fulke de Breaute, who has dispossessed the rightful owner of Bedford Castle. This "disgrace to Knighthood," as he is termed, is somewhat strange of speech at times, like other characters in the story, though it is fair to add the speech is not so archaic as the specimen we give seems to imply:—"Certes, hold miner, meseemeth I have now discovered whence thou gottest that close knowledge of Bedford Castle which stood thee in such good stead at the Council of Northampton." We have also received *Maggie Steele's Diary*, by E. A. Dillwyn (Cassell & Co.), a short story, well told; *Penelope and the Others*, by Amy Walton (Blackie & Son), a homely narrative of the sayings and doings of a party of young country lads and lasses; and *Chris Willoughby*, by Florence E. Burch (Nelson), a "tale for boys," decidedly wholesome in tone, yet somewhat dull in style and matter.

Out of the Fashion, by L. T. Meade (Methuen & Co.), is a pretty story for girls. It begins with a description of a family of four girls, motherless, but with an adored father, who surrounds them with every luxury. At the time the story opens the girls are beginning to be uneasy about unpaid bills, and serious troubles come, from which they are rescued by the good fairy of the story, Miss Jessica Power, an admirably drawn character. There is a pretty love story running through it, though its hero, Mark Danby, is not as interesting as he might be. We may point out that there are several pages missing in the copy of the book sent to us, from 262 to 267. Luckily they do not leave very much to the imagination.

Ida's Secret; or, the Towers of Ickledale, by Agnes Giberne (Shaw & Co.), is a good story well told. It begins with the return to their homes of two young men—Mervyn Stanhope and his faithful friend and servant Jem Collins—who had left as boys to go out in the world together without their people's consent. They come back to find many changes and the necessity of making their lives at home. Mervyn's parents are both dead, his father died when he was quite a child, and his mother during his absence; his sister Ida lives with her grandfather, a morose old man, whose temper makes him difficult to get on with, and who lives with a sin on his conscience, which Ida has found out in a way which makes her believe she is bound in honour to conceal it. What she goes through in consequence, how it all comes right in the end, and how good the other characters in the book are we leave readers to find out.

A Prince of the House of David; or, Thirty Years in the Holy City, by the Rev. J. H. Ingram, LL.D. (Routledge & Sons), is best described from the author's own words in the preface. The book is in the form of letters written by Adina, a Jewish maiden, to her father, in which she portrays "the wondrous events of the three years during which the Saviour of mankind taught in the cities of Judea, as they may have appeared to one who, living in the midst of these great things, relates them in the confidential intercourse of a child with an absent father, adding to the report of each new wonder the reflections such marvellous incidents have excited in an ingenuous and thoughtful mind."

The Siege of Norwich Castle, by M. M. Blake (Seeley & Co.), is another of those favourite stories, of which there seems a greater abundance than ever this Christmas, full of romance based on historical facts; it is a story of the last struggle against the Conqueror, and is quaintly told and full of interest.

Dolly, by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Frederick Warne & Co.), is a very pretty love-story, written in Mrs. Burnett's particularly pleasing manner, with delicious touches of humour here and there. If we were to begin to quote from it, we should not know where to stop, and it would spoil the reader's interest, which must be kept up all through. The illustrations by Hal Ludlow add to the attractiveness of the book.

The Harvest of Yesterday, by Emily Sarah Holt (Shaw & Co.), is a tale of the seventeenth century, and interesting in its way. We are told by the author that "the setting of the tale is in the strange and complex time when England set forth on her journey to the land which God would show her, without knowing whither she went." A great deal of the history part of the book is well set forth. *Alf's Well* (Shaw & Co.) is another

story of Emily Sarah Holt's, and is a tale of the times of Queen Mary. It is more simply told than *The Harvest of Yesterday*, and will interest younger people.

Adrift in a Great City, by M. E. Winchester (Seeley & Co.), is a very pretty story prettily told, and with very good illustrations by C. P. Jacomb-Hood.

The Two Dorothys, by Mrs. Herbert Martin (Blackie & Son), tells of a little girl called Dorothy, one of a large family, who is sent to make a long stay with an Aunt Dorothy (hence the two Dorothys), who is a great trial to her niece, as is her niece to her. Notwithstanding this, the aunt is much displeased when her niece leaves her to help her stepmother look after the children, and is some time "coming round," but she does so at last, and all ends happily. The book is illustrated by Gordon Browne.

Cyril's Promise, by William J. Lacey (T. Nelson & Sons), is a book with a safe moral, though maudlin in parts, as books on the consequences of intemperance and good of total abstinence are apt to be. Why they should be, with such an excellent object in view, we fail to see.

Jack Forrester's Fate, by Catherine Shaw (Shaw & Co.), is a sentimental story, and very improbable.

The bound-up volume of *The Sunday Friend*, edited by the Rev. G. H. Curteis (Mowbray & Co.), contains very nice Sunday reading and interest for children.

SIR C. AITCHISON'S LORD LAWRENCE.*

THE two volumes of Mr. Bosworth Smith and the spirited sketch of Lord Lawrence by Sir R. Temple, in the series of "English Men of Action," might be reasons for holding another memoir of the Civilian-Viceroy to be superfluous. But Sir William Hunter's list would have been manifestly incomplete had it not included Lawrence. Readers who are invited to learn something about a dashing Portuguese adventurer and a dimly-seen Buddhist monarch may surely give a few hours to the two hundred pages in which the early training of the district officer, the action of the Chief Commissioner before and during the Mutiny, and the consolidation of the Empire by the same man as Viceroy, are succinctly told. No much better chronicler than Sir Charles Aitchison could have been found. His early service was passed in the Panjab. He was Under-Secretary in the Foreign Department, and for a short time Secretary in the same office, during Lord Lawrence's reign; and he ended his career as Lieutenant-Governor of that very province which Lawrence had been instrumental in converting from a perpetual source of danger into an element of solid strength. Sir Charles, like his former chief, has learnt the art of compression. No subject of importance has been entirely omitted. And while there has been a full acknowledgment of the labours of Mr. Bosworth Smith and others, the events in which Lawrence took part are related with a distinctness, a due sense of their relative importance, and a technical and departmental knowledge which renders searching criticism unnecessary. One or two slight defects may be noticed. In p. 70 we are told that in 1856 Lawrence went down to Calcutta to bid farewell to Lord Dalhousie, and to be informed of the "well-earned honour of knighthood proposed for him." It should have been added that this honour was a Knight Commandership of the Bath. Lord Dalhousie would never have recommended, nor would Lawrence have accepted, that wonderful distinction which is conferred on railway Superintendents and provincial Mayors. At p. 22 there is a lively sketch of Calcutta about the year 1830, and we are told of its putrid drinking-water, its bubbling sewage, its half-burned corpses floating down the river, all of which ought by rights to have made the City of Palaces a graveyard. Yet it is perfectly certain that in that year and for many a long day afterwards Englishmen of every profession, judges, bankers, barristers, secretaries, merchants, lived and worked, rode and read, without being decimated, without any hill sanatorium to resort to, and with no more change of air than could be attained by a fortnight's trip on the Ganges or a week's tossing in a pilot brig in the Bay of Bengal. The picture is as on-sided as that of the India which, beyond "a tiger or two and a little heat in the middle of the day," had nothing disagreeable about it. There is also, we think, an unintentional exaggeration in the phrase which describes the famine in the Lower Provinces, or, more correctly, the Orissa famine of 1865-6, as one which "in magnitude had not been seen for nearly a century." That disaster was limited to three districts of the Province of Orissa and to a part of Midnapur. Elsewhere—in Central Bengal, for instance—there was, no doubt, scarcity and some suffering. But we must hold that the earlier visitations of

1837 and even of 1860, in the Upper Provinces, were more severely felt over a larger area by a more numerous population. The severity of Indian famines has recently been measured by the public attention and sympathy which they excite.

In his brief account of Lawrence's early life in the Delhi Division, stress is laid on the practical knowledge of the village population necessarily acquired by a district officer engaged in tracking crime, quelling or preventing disturbances, holding an even balance between rival factions, and fixing the assessment of the Revenue at a rate which the agriculturist and the village community can afford to pay. John Lawrence, at the Station or in camp during the cold season, was always ready to hear every complaint, to mount his horse and visit the spot where a murder or a robbery had taken place, to look closely into the work of his native subordinates with their rods and their measuring chains, to joke with the young, to be patient with the long-winded tales of the greybeards, to give medicine to the sick, rebuke to the village tyrant, comfort to the starving, and generally to appear to all classes as the embodiment of a just, a conciliatory, but an irresistible power. We trust that the opinion of the author that "this class of district officer is as extinct as the mastodon or the megalosaurus" is not to be taken in a strict and literal sense.

Very possibly the modern system of governing India is "elaborate" and "highly organized." But we cannot conceive of any successful system in any Indian province which, even now, can be successfully worked by district officers, be they magistrates, collectors, or judges, who are out of touch with the villagers, and whose official knowledge is limited to musty circulars and precedents. There is yet plenty of room, in spite of the patronizing advice of Baboos who can only talk, and the spread of municipalities that, as we have just been told, by no means answer the expectations of their authors, for the guidance and control of men who have not quite discarded the traditions of the Dalhousie and Lawrence school.

All Anglo-Indians know, and all Englishmen ought to remember, how Lawrence, after furlough and marriage, was selected by Lord Hardinge to be the Commissioner of the neat slice of territory annexed at the close of the first Sikh War, and entitled the Jalandhar Doab. Here the simple district officer expanded into the monitor and guide of a very able set of men. His subordinates were warned, in language which no one could mistake, to make their assessments light. Rajputs were told that they must not let widows burn, nor infant daughters die untimely deaths. The selection of John Lawrence to be Member of the Board of Lahore, after the final overthrow of the Sikh army and the cession of the Panjab, was the natural outcome of his excellent administration of the Trans-Sutlej Province between 1846 and 1849. The work done by Lawrence and his colleagues in the Five Rivers has been told by many pens; generally in terms of just admiration, and occasionally with reluctant and extorted praise. But when every allowance has been made for the exceptional and favourable circumstances under which this pacification was carried out—for the picked men, for the lessons of failure and success derived from a century of conquests in India, for the character of the people, for the vigilant and generous countenance of Lord Dalhousie—it may be fairly asked if any more wonderful transformation has ever taken place in any period of ancient or modern history.

The pacification of the Panjab is a work which entitled Lawrence and his colleagues to the thanks and rewards which officialdom can bestow. By his conduct in the Mutiny he earned the admiration and respect of his countrymen of all classes. We shall not repeat a story which has been told in histories, personal adventures, Blue-books, diaries, and memoirs, and which is compressed into fifty pages by Sir C. Aitchison; but to two or three points attention must be drawn. The first vigorous attempt to check rebellion was the disarmament of the three thousand Sepoys at Lahore by four hundred European infantry and twelve guns. Lawrence was then away—not at Murri in the hills, as it has been elsewhere incorrectly stated, but at Rawul Pindi in the plains—but he was the first to recognize the tact and energy shown by Sir R. Montgomery and the General in command. This one vigorous act on the part of his subordinates only nerved Lawrence to greater personal exertions. While he was watching the suspects, encouraging loyalty, raising new levies, collecting funds, availing himself of the services of chiefs like Pattiala and Jhind, stripping his own province of every available soldier for the recapture of Delhi, everything in the Panjab went on as in the time of profound peace and prosperity. Martial law was never proclaimed, though open mutiny was met by stern and severe measures of retribution. Every man was at his post, and over them was the Consul who

galeatum ponit ubique
Præsidium attonitis, et in omni gente laborat.

* *Rulers of India—Lord Lawrence*. By Sir Charles Aitchison, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

On one or two incidents of this period there ought to be no further misapprehension, and here Sir Charles Aitchison gives no uncertain sound. Herbert Edwardes, a very gallant and able officer, administrator as well as soldier, entirely mistook the position of affairs when he recommended, as a last resource, the abandonment of Delhi in preference to the relinquishment of Peshawur. On the capture of that city hung the fate of the Empire. Both before and after that event every sort of vicissitude was experienced in many provinces. There were episodes of heroism, of disaster, of feebleness, of success snatched out of apparent defeat, of triumphs won against overwhelming numbers and all calculation. But many a failure might have been converted into success, and some posts which were held might have been lost, without either case proving decisive in the long and unequal contest. Every man in India, loyal or seditious, Englishman or native, Prince or merchant, looked to Delhi. As long as that city was held by the Sepoys no one could guarantee that more evil was not before us in the most remote and peaceful provinces. When it fell, in September 1857, there was a universal relief; and although other places had to be reduced or preserved, and ample room was still left for splendid displays of endurance, strategy, and *derring-do*, the capture of the Imperial city was to all intents the downfall of mutinous hopes and the restoration of British supremacy. To find a parallel, we must go back to the days of which the English historian states that "the fidelity of the allies of Rome which had not been shaken by the defeat of Thrasymenus, could not resist the fiery trial of Cannae"; and yet Arnold is enabled to declare his conviction that, "if panic had, for one moment, unnerved the iron courage of the Roman aristocracy, in the next their inborn spirit revived, and their resolute will, striving beyond its present power, created, as is the law of our nature, the power which it required." Livy, describing that greatest of Roman defeats, puts into the mouth of a noble Roman language which exactly fits the action of Lawrence two thousand years afterwards:—"Negat consilii rem esse Scipio juvenis, fatalis dux hujusce belli. Audendum atque agendum, non consultandum, ait, in tanto malo esse. Irent extemplo armati, qui rem publicam salvam vellet."

The treatment of the Empire by the Viceroy is obviously less attractive than the resolution which stemmed the tide of the Mutiny. It was not to be expected that the field of civil administration would present similar opportunities for vigorous self-assertion. There can be hardly two views about measures which helped a commander to recapture a stronghold and recover a kingdom. There may always be a diversity of opinion as to the necessity and the result of civil reforms. Lawrence found it easier to keep Pathans and Sikhs to their allegiance than to persuade colleagues to adopt his financial and legislative plans. Lord Sandhurst, Sir Henry Durand, Sir William Grey, and even Sir Henry Maine, were not at once converted. But the outcome of opposition and discussion was much useful and permanent work. Steps were taken towards the decentralization of finance, a measure to be much more fully developed by Lord Mayo. Plans were entertained for the extension of railways and canals. Better accommodation was provided for that very necessary but very costly article, the English soldier. The native army was reduced to reasonable limits. Big questions relating to revenue, rent, proprietary rights in land, and what, in short, in a loose way might be termed the three Fs, were taken up, discussed, and settled by the dogged determination and practical knowledge which the former district officer and Commissioner had brought with him to Council. It may be doubted whether any purely English statesman, whatever his capacity and training, could have passed Lord Lawrence's Acts dealing with these thorny questions in Oudh and the Panjab. Into controversial matters arising out of the Orissa famine and the wild commercial mania at Bombay we need not enter. Sir Charles Aitchison could not have passed these over in silence, nor have said less than he has done. There would have been less suffering in Bengal and no great financial disaster in the Western capital had due attention been paid to the Viceroy's warnings and calls for information.

The Afghan controversy is disposed of by Sir Charles with firmness, in temperate language, and without harsh epithets towards opponents. He is warranted by his own intimate knowledge in crediting Lord Mayo and Lord Lawrence with identity of policy. And it is clear to us that the surviving friends and subordinates of the latter statesman may now boldly assert that to strengthen the North-West frontier of India, to avoid foreign complications and premature forward movements, and to have nothing to say to treaties to be observed by one party and be disregarded by the other, is just what would have been sanctioned by their former chief. A despatch written by the orders of Lord Lawrence at the close of his administration, and instinct with

his whole spirit, is quoted in this Memoir; and it would be difficult to detect a flaw in its reasoning or a sentence at variance with the decision of the late or the present Government.

We get glimpses of the mode of conducting business and the domestic and private life. Nothing could be purer than Lawrence's home or more enduring than his friendship. Few statesmen were better judges of character, and nothing again could be more pithy, decisive, and vigorous than his written minutes and his pencilled notes. At the meeting at the Mansion House held to do him honour after his decease his character was described by a speaker following Lord Derby as "rugged perhaps in some of its outlines, but one which flattery never deceived, over which sophistry won no triumph, and which no amount of rewards or honours, conferred either by the favour of the Sovereign or the gratitude of the community, could alter, degrade, or spoil." It is pleasant to reflect that another tribute to his services and character, expressing the general feeling of India, came from the pen of the late Lord Lytton.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ARTHUR CHUQUET is less well known than most of the writers who have undertaken volumes of the *Grands écrivains français* (1), but he has received or chosen in Rousseau one of the most difficult tasks of the series. In one way, it is almost impossible to say anything new about Rousseau; in another, there is always something new being said. Only the other day, for instance, the publication of M. Henri de Rothschild's autographs of the correspondence of Jean-Jacques with the Boy de la Tour family added something, if not very much, to our positive knowledge. The patient industry of divers Swiss biographers has taken a good deal out of the romance of the Mme. de Warens story; though we rejoice to see that the common conscience of mankind recoils from obeying the ruthless one who insisted that we should call her Mme. de "Vuarrens." It has become abundantly clear—though but ten years ago it was thought unnecessary scepticism to hold the view—that the *Confessions* are simply, as M. Chuquet calls them, *un roman*—a romance founded on fact, no doubt, and always more or less true subjectively, but to be received with the utmost caution in regard to the order and the details of the history. Alas! even the romance of the Charmettes has gone, and it is clearly demonstrated that it was not there, if anywhere, that sensibility can regard him and his *maman* with palpitating heart. On the other hand, Rousseau, except for a few dullards or malcontents, is definitely "placed" both as man and man of letters. You cannot get out of the fact that, on one side of him, as some one here quoted pithily remarks, "il avait été laquais et en gardait quelque chose"; you need spend very little pains to show that, on another, he was a great genius and a great man of letters. *Que faire*, then, in a series-book of not quite two hundred pages about him? We were, during the process of reading M. Chuquet's book, in two minds about the wisdom of what he has chosen to do; but, on the whole, we have come to the conclusion that it is very well done. M. Chuquet has not often argued a point, and has scarcely ever indicated an authority; he does not indulge much in regular criticism. But he has gone over the life and the works in a quaint conversational way—rather like a series of easy lectures than a book—first putting together what, from the multifarious sources, seems to him to be most noteworthy in the Life (which occupies some seventy pages), and then passing in a similar cursory review the most remarkable of the works. The whole book has, as we have hinted, the characteristics rather of spoken than of written style; and when it is first read there may seem to be about it something a little offhand and peremptory. One gets accustomed to this, however, and the final and total impression is decidedly favourable. The chapter on the *Nouvelle Héloïse* is, we think, the best thing we have read on that very variously judged book; and the indication of the main points in the famous *Discours* of 1750 is very acute and competent. It is necessary to have read a great deal of Rousseau literature to be aware how much knowledge M. Chuquet has put together in a cursory and unpretentious manner; and we fear we must add that those who have read most Rousseau literature will be most agreeably surprised at the good sense with which he refuses to be blinded either by the foibles of the man to the genius of the man of letters, or *vice versa*.

Although one of the Huets established himself in England and died here a year or two before Waterloo, it may probably surprise Englishmen who are not specialists to see one of the stoutest and most richly illustrated volumes of the *Artistes*

(1) *Les grands écrivains français—Rousseau*. Par Arthur Chuquet. Paris: Hachette.

célèbres (2) Series devoted to names so little famous. We say "names," because M. Gabillot has thought proper to devote a chapter to the three sons of Jean-Baptiste Huet—respectable delineators of plants and animals for the most part, the youngest of whom died no longer ago than 1852. M. Gabillot, however, might, and probably would, reply that it was precisely because his subject is not much known that he had to say so much about him and produce so many specimens. There were, in fact, two men in Huet père. The one was a pupil of Boucher, who persistently painted pastorals, allegorical pieces, conversation pieces, and the like, in the style of his master, but with no very great merits of drawing, and still fewer of composition and colour. The other was an animal-painter who painted and, still more, drew animals with such astonishing vigour, fidelity, and freedom from undue convention that really M. Gabillot is justified by his specimens in putting him second, if second, to Barye, alone among French artists in this department. When one looks at things such as "Les compliments du jour de l'an" and "Les présents du jour de l'an," one wonders at the perennial fancy of mankind for seeing trivial and utterly uninteresting subjects handled with neatness, despatch, and no other virtue whatever. When one looks at such things as "L'été" one says "Pretty enough, very pretty; but most decidedly not inevitable enough"—a sentence which applies to "Portrait de femme," though that is not at all contemptible. But look at his studies and finished pictures of lions, rams, birds, wolves (he knew the wolf as, perhaps, hardly any other painter has known him), and there will be no more grumbling or patronizing.

M. Edmé Champion is one of those well-intentioned, but rather unwise, critics who are just too perspicacious to see no fault in their idols, but cannot see one in them without instantly trying to plaster it over with excuses. The proceeding is always somewhat inept, but we can hardly conceive a worse subject for it than Voltaire (3). His measure surely has been taken long ago by all real critics. They know him to have been a man of immense ability and versatility, of great though unequal knowledge, of a really kindly nature, but hopelessly *borné* and prejudiced in certain ways, as vain as a peacock, and as mischievous as a monkey—a man who did at least as much harm as he did good, who had no historic sense, and very limited literary appreciation. And they are content with these facts. M. Edmé Champion is not content with the facts, but goes about to bedeck and bedrape the uglier ones among them with the queerest excuses and "you're anothers." "Did Voltaire do injustice to the middle ages?" Perhaps a little, but so did Fleury and Fénelon, those orthodox men. He does not speak well of the Papal policy in Italy; but "il reste à cet égard bien loin de Machiavel." (Really M. Champion must have been driven hard here.) He was no more a Voltairian than Wilkes was a Wilkite. If he spoke evil of Shakespeare, so does M. Jules Lemaitre (Voltaire, let us observe, could read English). Is not *Candide* dreadfully pessimist? Well, perhaps not so very. Has he blasphemed democracy? (We wish he had never done anything worse.) Well, hardly ever; and he has said some quite nice things about it. It is touching to see such fidelity, but we very much fear that, if M. de Voltaire himself is reading the book now somewhere, his face must wear almost as diabolic a sneer as that which some portraits very unjustly attribute to him in the flesh.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE story of Charles Knight's life and labours—*Charles Knight: a Sketch*, by his granddaughter, Alice A. Clowes (Bentley & Son)—is practically the story of the origin and development of cheap books and popular literature. Charles Knight was identified with the movement—partly educational, partly philanthropic—which led to the formation by Brougham and others of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. When there were no cheap books of any kind he was engaged, as a youth, in planning a remedy for the want. He had, as it were, to create the demand by making the supply; for when cheap books were not the public was virtually non-existent, or had to be discovered. Now that "good reading," as the writer of this memoir remarks, "is within the reach of the poorest," it requires something of an imaginative exercise to realize the conditions in which Charles Knight set himself to work. Probably there are very few among the millions for whose reading cheap reprints of the chief works in English literature are now continually issued who have any but the haziest notion of the difficulties that beset Charles Knight. The cost of production in the days of the

Paper-duty and the Newspaper-stamp might seem to render the idea of cheap literature an impossibility. Charles Knight lived to see the repeal of these taxes on knowledge, as they were called, and the enormous impulse that was thus given to the publication of cheap literature in serial form. His remarkable enterprises, however, were carried out in the face of these obstacles; and the most vaunted productions of latter days, when there was no risk whatever incurred by publishers, cannot be compared with the boldness and extent of Charles Knight's undertakings. The cheapness of a cheap book in the 'thirties was relatively greater than that of our cheap "libraries" of to-day. These and other comparative points are clearly suggested in the present volume, which includes many letters, mostly of a congratulatory nature, from eminent persons, and an interesting sketch of the elder Charles Knight of Windsor and his publishing relations with Canning and Frere in connexion with the *Microcosm*.

The title of Mr. Grant Allen's collected magazine essays, *Science in Arcady* (Lawrence & Bullen), will suggest to some minds a repellent incongruity. What has Science to do with Arcady? It is like the bull in the china-shop. But these apprehensions will be speedily allayed by reading the present volume. It is the man of science in Arcady whom Mr. Grant Allen would present in these pleasant and various meditations. Agreeable indeed is it to think of the man of science, fled from the press to the hills and meadows, intent on nature and the study of nature, in a poetic mood, softly murmuring to the music of the stream-let's fall "When daisies pied and violets blue." It is a picture as pretty as it is rare. It is true that Mr. Allen, when he invites us under "The Greenwood Tree," has a good deal to say about the "mysterious chlorophyll," and calls aloud, as to a brother scientist, not an Arcadian, to "cut down that British oak with your Gladstonian axe," and is in other ways deplorably unarcadian. But this, all this, is in the pleasing style of instructive illustration, and the Forest of Arden had, we know, very strange visitants.

Dr. Charles Abbott's studies of wild nature in New England and New Mexico—*Recent Rambles; or, in Touch with Nature* (Lippincott & Co.)—are mostly written in accord with the poetic sentiment "The world is too much with us." The writer shows in these sketches of bird-life in woods and on riverside that he has seen not a little in Nature that is his. He is an observer of considerable individuality, refusing to see things through the visual organs of others. He has taken note, by the way, of a little difference between his observation of birds in the rain and the conclusions of Mr. John Burroughs. Dr. Abbott says there is no doubt that birds are disabled temporarily by getting thoroughly wet. Mr. Burroughs declares there is no danger for them in a storm of rain. The question is one that might have engaged the curious and methodical inquiry of Gilbert White. Everything, we should say, depends upon the continuance and violence of the rain and the condition of the bird. Dr. Abbott records the utter disablement, for a time, of redstarts by "a sudden dash of rain," such as are called "lashings" of rain. So helpless were these usually nimble birds that he captured one, and saw another seized by a squirrel. Dr. Abbott's book is charmingly illustrated from photographs. One of his studies deals with an old vagabond—using the term in its literal sense—who had taken up "Thoreau's plan," with improvements of his own, and found it did not pay. This victim of Thoreau, as he is called, is a sad illustration of the influence of the philosopher of Walden. He would not beg, and to dig he was ashamed. He sat still, on a log mostly, gazing at a frog, as if he were the subject of the ode in *Pickwick*.

It cannot be due to any narrowness of selection that the experiment attempted by the series of volumes of "International Humour" is less productive of piquant international comparisons than might have been expected. The humour, as presented in these translated extracts, is strangely satisfying and all of one kind. Yet the *Humour of France*, by Elizabeth Lee (Scott), ranges from the *Fabliaux* and Rabelais even unto humourists so diverse as Daudet and Henri-Frédéric Amiel. That of *Germany*, by Hans Müller-Casenor (Scott), is not less liberal in selection, and if "the scanning of a broad field" is, in truth, the only means by which "a general idea of a nation's humour" may be obtained, nothing could be more convincing than this volume. Mr. A. Werner, who is charged with the delicate task of translating *The Humour of Italy* (Scott), begins with Boccaccio and Ariosto and ends with the shrewd jests of the modern newspaper. Altogether, this book is likely to leave the English reader convinced, with Mr. J. A. Symonds, that Italian humour died with Ariosto. There are good things in the volume, such as the extracts from Verga and Pratesi, among the moderns, but humour is decidedly not the animating spirit of them.

For young entomologists who are collectors and field natural-

(2) *Les artistes célèbres—L. Huet*. Par G. Gabillot. Paris: Allison.

(3) *Voltaire—Études critiques*. Par Edmé Champion. Paris: Flammarion.

ists, the introductory illustrated handbook by Messrs. A. W. Kappel, F.Z.S., and A. Egmont Kirby, *Beetles, Butterflies, Moths, and other Insects* (Cassell & Co.), should prove a valuable companion and guide. It supplies practical directions as to the collection and preservation of insects and their arrangement in the cabinet, with useful notes on their habits and haunts. The descriptions of the specimens figured in the coloured drawings are clear and brief, while the characteristics of the various orders are not less admirably set forth. The illustrations, comprising over one hundred and sixty examples, will greatly assist the collector in identifying his spoils.

Mr. A. E. W. Marsh, in *Holiday Rambles in Madeira* (Sampson Low & Co.), writes of Madeira as if it were a little-known island, and he is tempted to spread the knowledge of it by describing his own experience of a recent sojourn. Invalids, no doubt, do not flock to Madeira as they once did when the climate was not less renowned than the wine. Many people go there in the course of the year who see Funchal and do not see Madeira. Mr. Marsh saw the island in a more leisurely fashion, and enjoyed the country and climate thoroughly, as his bright account of his rambles suffices to show. Hence his eagerness to demonstrate to others the existence of "a new place," within a few days' voyage of England, that is full of delights. His book is prettily illustrated from photographs that give an excellent impression of the scenery.

We have also received *British Fungus-Flora*, by George Massee, a classified Text-book of Mycology, Vol. I. (Bell & Sons); *The Dawn of the English Reformation*, by Henry Worsley, M.A., cheaper edition (Elliot Stock); *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., third series (Macmillan & Co.); *The Ethics of Aristotle*, translated, with analysis and notes, by J. E. C. Weldon, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Land Nationalization*, by Harold Cox, B.A. (Methuen & Co.); *Great Indian Religions*, by G. T. Bettany (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *Theory and Analysis of Ornament*, by François Louis Schauer mann (Sampson Low & Co.), with illustrations; *The Chemistry of Life and Health*, by C. W. Kimmins, M.A. (Methuen & Co.); *Prayer-Meeting Theology*, a dialogue, by E. J. Morris (Putnam's Sons); *Unitarianism; or, New yet Old Christianity*, by Unitas, M.A. (Elliot Stock); *Hindustani Idioms and Vocabulary*, by Colonel A. N. Phillips (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Historical Outlines of English Syntax*, by Leon Kellner (Macmillan & Co.); *The Algebra of Coplanar Vectors and Trigonometry*, by R. Baldwin Hayward, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Geometrical Drawing*, by A. J. Pressland, M.A. (Percival & Co.); *Practical Physics*, an introductory handbook for the laboratory, by Professor W. F. Barrett and W. Brown (Percival & Co.); *Naked-Eyed Botany*, an elementary text-book, by F. E. Kitchener, M.A.; (Percival & Co.); *An Introduction to French Prose Composition*, by Professor A. L. Meissner (Percival & Co.); *A German Historical Reading-Book*, a capital selection from Schiller, Ranke, Freytag, and others, with notes by H. S. Beresford-Webb (Percival & Co.); an extract from M. Villemain's *Souvenirs des Cent Jours*, edited, with notes, by Granville Sharp, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); Virgil's *Georgics*, Books III. and IV., edited by C. S. Jerram, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *An Academic Sketch*, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., being the Romanes Lecture, 1892 (Frowde); *The Works of Xenophon*, translated by H. G. Dakyns, M.A., in four volumes (Macmillan & Co.); *The Great Disclosure* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The Religion of Life*, Addresses by the Rev. M. R. Neligan, M.A. (Skeffington & Co.); and *Mohammedanism*, by G. T. Bettany, M.A., illustrated (Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—KING LEAR, Every Evening (except To-night and Saturday, January 14) at 8 o'clock. King Lear, Mr. IRVING; Cordelia, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MATINEE of KING LEAR (To-day) Saturday, December 31, and Saturday, January 14, at Two o'clock. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS.—The EXHIBITION of WORKS of OLD MASTERS and Deceased BRITISH ARTISTS will OPEN on MONDAY NEXT, January 2, 1893.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.

THE ART UNION of LONDON, 112 STRAND.
Established 1837.

President—THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G.
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The Engravings and full particulars may be obtained at the Society's House, 112 Strand, London, W.C.

NEWTON HALL, Fetter Lane, E.C.—Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON will deliver TWO ADDRESSES. Saturday, December 31, at Eight, on "WOMANHOOD." Sunday, January 1, at Seven, "ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE LONDON POSITIVIST SOCIETY." Admission free.

BRIGHTON—BEDFORD HOTEL. Old Established. Unequalled in situation. Opposite West Pier. Spacious Coffee and Reading Rooms, sea-view service. Unequalled Cuisine. Excellent wines. Moderate tariff. Electric Light in all rooms.
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TO INVALIDS.—A LIST of MEDICAL MEN in all parts willing to receive RESIDENT PATIENTS, giving full particulars and terms, sent gratis. The list includes Private Asylums, &c.—Address, Mr. G. B. STOCKER, 8 Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C.

SOCIETY FOR RELIEF OF PERSECUTED JEWS.

FOOD and FUEL have been daily given to above 3,000 of the STARVING REFUGEE JEWS in the Winter Months by Mr. R. SCOTT MONCRIEFF (Special Commissioner for the Society) in Palestine, where there are above 100,000 JEWS MOSTLY DESTITUTE. Food, Drinking Water, Bedding, Clothing, and Shelter are now given.

Jews are trained at Abraham's Vineyard, near Jerusalem, in out-of-door industry. FUNDS Needed Specially for Giving Work. The Distress is very great, and increased by want of Drinking Water at Jerusalem.

Hon. Treasurers: F. A. BEVAN, Esq., 54 Lombard Street, E.C.
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The patients (numbering now about 10,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, from children a month old to adults over 95. Over 461,050 patients have been relieved since the formation of the charity up to the present date.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be thankfully received by the Society's Bankers, Lloyd's Bank, Limited, 79 Lombard Street; and by the Secretary at the Institution.
JOHN KORBURY, Treasurer.
JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.

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OFFICE: 12 PALL MALL, S.W.

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H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

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The object of this Charity is to receive Orphan Girls from Seven to Twelve Years of Age, without distinction as to Religion, into a "Home" where they can obtain a plain English Education, a practical instruction in the Kitchen, House, and Laundry, to fit them for all Household Duties, and are taught to cut out, make, and mend their own clothes. Over 650 have thus been more or less provided for. There are now nearly 100 on the books. The Building affords ample room for 50 more, but for want of funds they cannot be received.

Children are admitted by election, on payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HERRIES & Co., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Offices, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WMYSS, Chairman.

E. EVANS CRONK, Secretary.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

President—LORD ABERDARE, G.C.B.

1,815 children have been rescued from infamous dens.

1,000 are in industrial homes, to which grants have been made.

7,750 children have been aided by the Boys' Boodle.

Particulars of how the children have been rescued by the other officers of the Children's Aid Society will be sent on application.

An Emigration Agency, with a reception house at Winnipeg, Manitoba, is maintained for the reception of lads trained in institutions connected with the Society. FUNDS are urgently NEEDED.

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Chairman—Admiral Sir F. LEOPOLD MOLLINTOCK, F.R.S.

Deputy-Chairman—Captain DAVID MAINLAND, F.R.G.S.

The object of this Charity is to give a Home or a Pension to the Merchant Sailor when Old, Destitute, and Friendless.

See Old Sailors, out of 1,700 Applicants, have enjoyed the benefits of this Charity; but from want of funds the Committee are unable to admit hundreds of necessitous and worthy Candidates, who for Forty years have been at Sea as Seaman, Mate, or Master.

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W. E. DENNY, Secretary.

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M. W. TOMLIN, Secretary.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.—

The Weekly Board of Governors urgently solicit ADDITIONAL ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS to enable them to carry on the ever-increasing work of the Hospital.

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J. R. MOSSE, Esq.

CHARLES L. TODD, Secretary.

St. George's Hospital is empowered by Act of Parliament to take and hold landed property.

CITY of LONDON HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the CHEST, Victoria Park, E.—The Committee earnestly APPEAL for FUNDS to meet the heavy expenses of the winter season.

Office, 21 Finsbury Circus, E.C.

T. STORRAB-SMITH, Secretary.

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THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, LEEDS—The SECOND TERM of the NINETEENTH SESSION in the Department of SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, and ARTS, begins Tuesday January 10. The Classes prepare for University Degrees in Arts, Science, and Medicine, as well as for various Professions. Prospectuses of Day and Evening Classes may be had (post free) from the SECRETARY, The Hall of Residence in connection with the College is now open.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.
THE SECOND TERM WILL BEGIN ON JANUARY 21.

The College supplies for persons of either sex, above the ordinary school age, the means of continuing their studies in Science, Languages, History, Literature, and Theory of Music. The Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Engineering, Geological, and Biological Laboratories are open daily. The Engineering Department includes Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Mining Engineering, Surveying and Architectural Work; and special arrangements for practical work have been made with various Engineers in and near Bristol. Several SCHOLARSHIPS are tenable at the College.

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JAMES RAFTER, Secretary.

EPSOM COLLEGE—TEN EXHIBITIONS (Five open; Five for Sons of Medical men only) under Thirteen, and Four Open ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS under fourteen in July.—For full particulars apply to HEAD-MASTER.

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NEXT TERM BEGINS January 20.

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The COUNCIL is prepared to APPOINT a PROFESSOR of LATIN. The stipend of the Professor will be £350 per annum. Applications, together with testimonials, must be sent in before January 10. For further information apply to
University College, Cardiff.
IVOR JAMES, Registrar.
November 30, 1892.

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